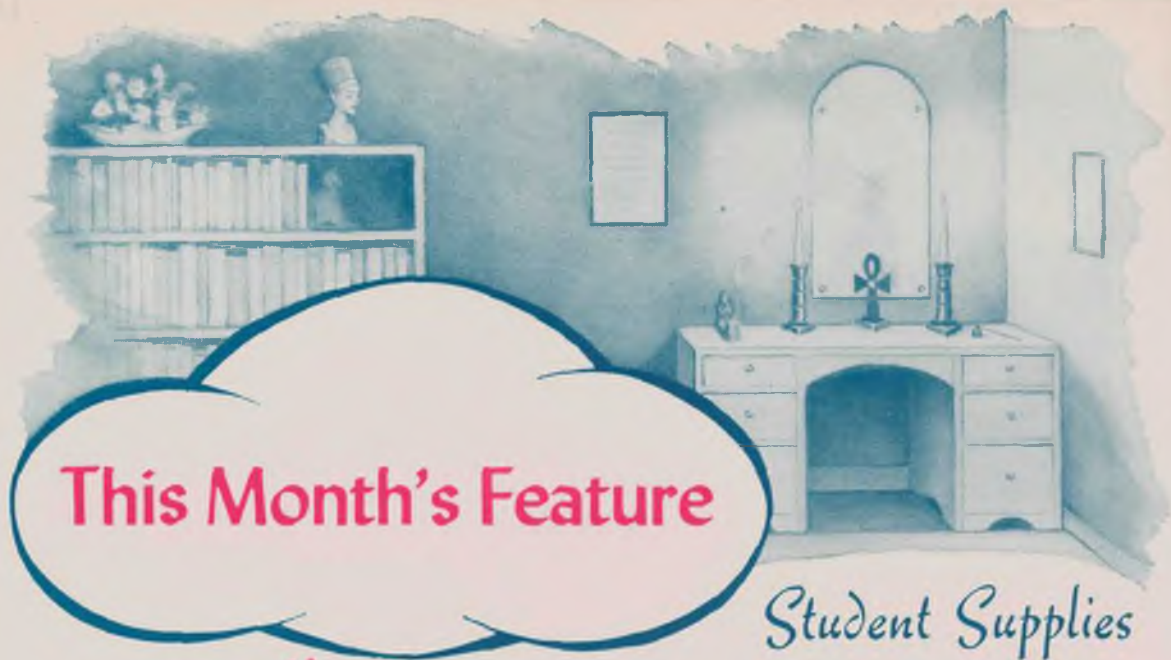


ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

JANUARY, 1950 • 30c per copy



Mysticism • Art • Science



This Month's Feature

Student Supplies

Rose-Scented Candles

AN AID to meditation . . . the scent of roses combined with the soothing vibrations of candlelight! For sanctum use . . . for rest and attunement . . . for psychic experiments . . . or merely as a pleasant table adornment. While burning, these candles give forth the inspiring, sweet fragrance of a rose garden.

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Two boxes (8 candles) for..... 2.20

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA



THE INSTITUTION BEHIND THIS ANNOUNCEMENT



CEREMONIAL DRUM

This aged Tibetan lama, flanked by centuries-old ritualistic regalia, beats out the rhythm of a sacred liturgy. In time to his beat, other lamas chant as, in procession, they enter the inner sanctuary of this lamasery high on the Himalayan slopes. The shell of the drum is burnished gold embossed with the symbolic designs of Lamaism.

(Photo by AMORC Camera Expedition)



Do Unseen Powers Direct Our Lives?

ARE the tales of strange human powers false? Can the mysterious feats performed by the mystics of the Orient be explained away as only illusions? Is there an intangible bond with the universe beyond which draws mankind on? Does a mighty Cosmic intelligence from the reaches of space ebb and flow through the deep recesses of the mind, forming a river of wisdom which can carry men and women to the heights of personal achievement?

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. . . . that unmistakable feeling that you have taken the wrong course of action, that you have violated some inner, unexpressed, better judgment. The sudden realization that the silent whisperings of self are cautioning you to keep your own counsel—not to speak words on the tip of your tongue in the presence of another. That something which pushes you forward when you hesitate, or restrains you when you are apt to make a wrong move.

These urges are the subtle influence which when understood and directed has made thousands of men and women masters of their lives. There IS a source of intelligence within you as natural as your senses of sight and hearing, and

more dependable, which you are NOT using now! Challenge this statement! Dare the Rosicrucians to reveal the functions of this Cosmic mind and its great possibilities to you.

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Take this infinite power into your partnership. You can use it in a rational and practical way without interference with your religious beliefs or personal affairs. The Rosicrucians, a world-wide philosophical movement, *invite you* to use the coupon below, now, today, and obtain a free copy of the fascinating book, "The Mastery of Life," which explains further.

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Scribe S.P.C.

The Rosicrucians, AMORC, San Jose, California.

I am sincerely interested in knowing more about this unseen, vital power which can be used in acquiring the fullness and happiness of life. Please send me, without cost, the book, "The Mastery of Life," which tells how to receive this information.

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ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL INTERNATIONAL ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

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JANUARY, 1950

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ROSICRUCIAN PARK

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

EDITOR: Frances Vejtasa

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THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH THE HEART OF INDIA

By THE IMPERATOR

This is the tenth of a series of articles by the Emperor about his observations on a journey which took him and his party around the world and into remote mystical lands.—EDITOR.



DELHI is the heart of India. It is more than the capital or political center. It is the spirit of the past. It symbolizes the vicissitudes, the struggles, and conquests of a people. On and in the immediate vicinity of Delhi, there have been many capitals. Some were built by the Hindus, seven by the Moslems, and New Delhi by the British. Mythology and tradition have combined down through the centuries to make the region a site of ruthless ambition, passion, and fanatical religious zeal.

Darius, Persian king, sent his most accomplished admiral to try to conquer India. Alexander the Great waged a war costly in men and materials but never succeeded in vanquishing India. For each of those who failed, however, there were several others who oppressed and slaughtered the Hindu descendants of the ancient Aryans. One of the great Hindu literary works, known as the *Mahabharata*, which literally means "the great story," is an epic depicting the struggle between two families for possession of a kingdom near Delhi. This contest, so the *Mahabharata* relates, was between the Pandavas and their cousins, the Kauravas.

Delhi is the name given to a compact area between the Jumna River, one of the sacred rivers of India, and what is known as the Ridge. The latter is of the

Arvalli range, a series of small hills. Industrially, Delhi is noted for jewelry, gold and silver, cut jade and gold and silver embroidery. One of the streets, Chandni Chok, is renowned for its shops of silversmiths, its popular name being "the silver street." As one walks along this teeming boulevard, the little shops intrigue him, not only because of their array of merchandise but because of the skill of their craftsmen who may be seen at work within the often ill-lighted interiors. With a modicum of modern equipment, these artisans execute designs that would try the ingenuity of well-equipped plants in the great nations of the West. If one is not satisfied with the large variety of designs displayed, he need only make a rough sketch of what he desires and, under the skill and talent of these artisans, it becomes a masterful piece.

Since Delhi has such tremendous importance archaeologically and historically, it was a focal point of interest for us, as representatives of the Rosicrucian Order and its Oriental Museum. By prearrangement with the Department of Archaeology and its eminent director, Dr. N. P. Chakravorti, we were given special permission to film the important sites within the region. After a conference with Dr. Chakravorti he most kindly assigned Dr. Shankar Das, superintendent of archaeological sites for the Delhi region, to accompany and assist us in our project. His assistance was invaluable in gaining access to these

places and revealing technical information at the disposal of his government's Department of Antiquities.

Tughlak's Fort

A few miles from Delhi, we stood in a region of small rolling hills, dotted with pipal, nim, and other trees indigenous to the area. The whole was a pastoral and peaceful scene, as a warm sun shone from a cloudless sky. Here, however, was the arena where the great struggle for the domination of India had often taken place. Beneath and above the soil about us, as far as the eye could see, were the remnants of the culture of the Moslem, Afghan, and Mongol rulers who, at one time or another, held sway over the land. The ruins of the third and fourth cities of Delhi still stand as great imposing structures of masonry. Immediately before us was the most impressive of all these ruins, popularly known as Tughlak's Fort. In sheer accomplishment and vastness of undertaking, it equalled the building of the Great Pyramid of Egypt.

Ghiyas-ud-din Tughlak, soldier and adventurer, was one of the successful invaders of India. Realizing the need to firmly intrench himself so as to oppose successive waves of invasion from rulers to the northeast, he began the construction of a great citadel and fortress. His ingenuity was undoubtedly influenced by similar walled cities of the West, for there is a great resemblance to Roman structures. The walls are eighty feet deep and of solid rock. So formidable in appearance are they that, psychologically, they are almost depressing as one gazes upon them. The walls include thirteen huge gates sunk deeply within them and flanked by towers from which it is possible for an observer to survey the whole region.

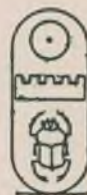
The height of the walls appears even greater from the south side because one stands in a deep depression looking up at them. This depression was at one time a great artificial lake or reservoir into which water was drained from the adjacent hills. On the other sides of the citadel were once wide moats. To approach the battered (sloped) walls, one would have to cross these bodies of

water while exposed to archers from the numerous bastions. Within the citadel, relatively safe behind these man-made mountains, were the homes of the nobles and garrisons of troops. The great palace itself formed part of the protective walls of the citadel. We stood in awe before the undertaking, trying to realize that it had all been built within two years' time! Accounts relate that one hundred thousand men were employed, between the years 1321 and 1323, to construct this vast project.

We laboriously climbed what appeared to be a nearby hill to better view the historic scene. The hill was, in fact, one of the former retaining walls of the reservoir which is now a vast grazing land. A number of Indian workmen were laboring with shovels and picks removing debris, to expose from beneath the soil, which had accumulated throughout the centuries, the mammoth blocks of stone composing the original retaining wall. These men were in the employ of the Department of Archaeology of India. At our direction, Dr. Das kindly rehearsed the men so that their actions would be confined to the view of our motion-picture camera. He graciously stood upon the mound, pointing out the salient features of this achievement, as we filmed him and the excavations. The event of excavating was indeed an historic one and worthy of recording.

Struggle for Power

At a considerable distance from us, conspicuously isolated in the center of the once large artificial lake, was a forbidding structure. Projecting from the former bottom of the lake was a sheer upthrust of ground. It resembled the precipitous mesas one sees in the Southwest of the United States. On top of this high plateau, with its steep sides, was a weather-stained and ominous-looking stone edifice. It resembled descriptions given in the literature of the Middle Ages of the castles of the so-called ogres and other malevolent beings, products of superstitious minds. It was fearsome in its appearance even in the bright and disarming sunlight. This was the tomb of Tughlak! As we approached it, we could now see the remnants of the 193-foot wide cause-



way which once crossed the lake and connected the tomb with the citadel proper.

An interesting legend relates how Emperor Tughlak's son, Prince Mohammed, plotted to assassinate and succeed his father. Upon the occasion of a great festival, which included processions, a pavilion was erected so that Tughlak might better observe the festivities. Prince Mohammed had cunningly contrived that the pavilion would collapse from the vibrations caused by the marching of ponderous elephants as they passed in review. It occurred just as he had planned and Tughlak was buried beneath the pavilion. As an indication of the cruelty of the prince, who subsequently slaughtered thousands of Hindus, the legend tells that he laughed with glee at the success of his evil machinations. Of this prince Sir Henry Sharp says: "His character was marred by uncontrollable temper and fiendish cruelty."

The outer sides of the palace walls, which we examined, were said by Dr. Das to be of Delhi *quartzite* in which the region abounds. These were originally very glassy and slippery. Consequently, they were excellent for defense in repelling attempts to ascend the walls. As most great rulers throughout history who gained their eminence through conquest, Tughlak not only feared invasion from without but rebellion from within as well. With the thought of his personal safety in mind, he had devised a most ingenious means of escape. Walking along a path behind the great walls and wending our way between the blocks of stone which had tumbled from structures within the compound, we went to view this interesting feature.

In the side of one of the mammoth walls was a low portal. We could not see within for any depth because the passage made an abrupt right-angle turn. The air coming from out the darkness had a foul and uninviting scent. As we stooped to enter this passage, we noted above our heads, in the huge stone that constituted the lintel, two parallel grooves, one on either side. They were worn smooth and were obviously of great age. This was part of

a clever mechanical device by which a large stone, quarried to exactness and having protrusions on either side as tenons, slid within these grooves. So well balanced it must have been that the heavy block could be moved easily by the hands of Tughlak. Once in, Tughlak could cause the block to slide in place. The tenons would then be engaged in a way so that no one except those within the passage could move it. Thus the entrance would be obstructed and Tughlak could not be pursued. We groped our way down the steep and low-ceilinged passageway cut out of the solid masonry. At places the passage was so low that it necessitated our crawling on our knees. Only the dim light of Dr. Das' small electric torch illuminated the rough-hewn walls. It was with trepidation that we touched the centuries-old dust on the floor of the passage with our hands and knees, thinking of the venomous reptiles within the region.

After an abrupt turn there came into view a patch of daylight. It came through an aperture not much larger than that through which a man could crawl. We crept cautiously to this opening and peered down many feet. There were the sloping sides of the citadel walls reaching down to the floor of what had been the reservoir. In Tughlak's time the waters had been on a level with this escape exit. Dr. Das related that accounts told how Tughlak had a boat kept waiting outside this entrance twenty-four hours a day in the event of his need of escape. Further skillful planning was disclosed in the fact that the sides of the wall in the vicinity of the aperture had been carved to resemble vines and leaves. This skill is evidenced by the fact that from a short distance, as we later observed from the outside, it was very difficult to detect this exit. The sun caused the carving to cast shadows in such a way that it indeed resembled a dark foliage clinging to the wall which would have, during Tughlak's period, been along the water's edge.

The Spiritually Blinded

Approximately eleven miles from Delhi is Kutb Masjud or, as the Hindus refer to it, the Vishnu Mandir. Mandir

means temple and Vishnu is one of the gods of the Hindu triad. What now remains is actually the earliest Mohammedan mosque or house of prayer in India. It was begun in the year 1193 after the conquest of India by the Mohammedans. It is a trabeated structure. The bands above the columns show a magnificent lacy carving. They suggest that the workmen were Hindus. It is of hurried construction, however, and the columns used were taken from the spoils of Hindu mandirs and the desecrated shrines of the Jains and the Buddhists. It stands as a monument to religious intolerance. It brings to memory the edict of the Christian Roman Emperor Theodosius who, in the fourth century, decreed the destruction of the mystery schools and temples of learning of the ancient Greeks. We recall also that in Egypt the fanaticism of the early Christians caused them to plaster over beautiful hieroglyphic inscriptions in Luxor Temple and to paint upon the plaster crude representations of saints. Here, in Kutb Masjid, the Mohammedans had also covered beautiful examples of Hindu art with plaster and had etched in quotations from the Koran.

What man often fails to realize is that the aesthetic sense, which inspires one to create works of art, is due to an inner harmony with nature. Thus such art, regardless of the religious conception it conveys, is fundamentally *divine*. It is truly, as to its cause, the work of God, no matter how that God is defined by man. Consequently, the truly religious person would respect all artistic works, regardless of the men who made them or the faith which they professed.

It is related that the early Mohammedan invaders of India were impressed by the inaccessibility of the Hindu deities to all castes. These deities, as Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, and others, were placed in small enclosures in the mandir, illuminated only by a few candles. The light was arranged so as to reveal only portions of the features to the privileged few who entered. Those of low caste were not permitted to approach or even to see the deity.

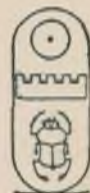
This attitude was very distasteful to

the Mohammedans and their conception of the omnipresence of Allah. They tore down some of the Hindu temples and other shrines in the area and erected a typical mosque at this particular place, with its great central open courtyard. They declared that all men, regardless of caste, were permitted to enter and to worship if they so chose. To the Mohammedans all men are equal in the sight of God. There is no man so lowly that he may not approach Allah. The great Allah, being omnipresent, pervades all. He is therefore not confined to any place and, most certainly, not to any dark recess within a temple. He shall never be restricted by walls or any man-made enclosures. Further, Allah represents *light* and understanding, not darkness and concealment. Men can gaze into the heavens from the courtyard of the mosque and, when they do so, they are in the presence of Allah, for he is everywhere as is the air above.

The Mohammedans may have had a lesson for the Hindu sects in the structure of their mosques. Certainly, however, they could add little, if anything, to the transcendental philosophy of the later works of the Aryan *Rig Veda*, of which at that time they probably had little or no knowledge. The brutality of the Mohammedan invaders and the free use of the sword in Allah's name most certainly did nothing to favorably impress the Hindus with the compassion of such a god and his love of mankind. Their attitude toward the Hindu was as devoid of spiritual impulse as was the cruelty exhibited by the Christian crusaders toward the Mohammedans.

Men who conceive gods as jealous and vengeful are but distorting their inner motivations with their objective inclinations and temporal ambitions. The level of the consciousness of man is the frame in which his conception of the divine will always appear. If men think in terms of their somatic desires and wholly objective interests, then any spiritual impulses which they may have are evaluated in terms of the vanity, pleasures, and hurts of their daily experiences.

(To be continued)



Benjamin Franklin

... REAL DISCOVERER OF ELECTRON

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

(Reprinted from *The Electronic Medical Digest*, Winter—1949)

DISCOVERY of the electron, the atom of electricity, seems to belong to this era. It is usually attributed to J. J. Thomson, the English scientist, a little more than fifty years ago, although it was described by Sir William Crookes, a dozen years earlier, as the "fourth state of matter." The actual discovery of the atom of electricity was made in this country 200 years ago by Benjamin Franklin, but announced at a later date.

Attention is called to this discovery by Dr. Robert A. Millikan, president of the California Institute of Technology, who was first to isolate a single electron and make extremely accurate measurements of its properties, for which accomplishment he was made Nobel laureate.

In support of his claim that Franklin should be considered the discoverer of the electron, Dr. Millikan, in a communication to the *American Journal of Physics*, cites Franklin's letter to Peter Collinson.

Franklin, in this letter, written in 1748, clearly states that the electric fluid is composed of charged particles which repel each other but are attracted by other forms of matter, and which are a normal constituent of matter but when present in an excess amount produce a charged state.

"The electrical matter," Franklin wrote, "consists of particles extremely subtle, since it can permeate common matter, even the densest metals, with



such ease and freedom as not to receive any perceptible resistance.

Describes Electricity

"Electrical matter differs from common matter in this, that the parts of the latter mutually attract, those of the former mutually repel each other. Hence the appearing divergency in a stream of electrified effluvia.

"But though the particles of electrical matter do repel each other, they are strongly attracted by all other matter . . .

"Thus common matter is a kind of sponge to the electrical fluid.

"But in common matter there is (generally) as much of the electrical as it will contain within its substance. If more is added, it lies without upon the surface, and forms what we call an electrical atmosphere, and then the body is said to be electrified."

The opening sentence contains the simple statement of an epoch-making discovery: "The electrical matter consists of particles . . ." After 200 years of research we cannot improve the content of Franklin's conclusion. Its obvious, axiomatic truth may stand forever, but perhaps at the end of another 200 years additional truths may give it a different aspect.

Dr. Robert A. Millikan stated further that:

"Science, like a plant, grows in the main by a process of infinitesimal accretions. Each research is usually a modification of a preceding one. Each new theory is built, like a cathedral, through the addition of many builders

of different elements. This is pre-eminently true of the electron theory.

"We all agree that, so far as physical science has gone, there have appeared but two fundamental entities, namely, positive and negative electrons, which seem to be the building stones of the universe.

"Recent experiments indicate that radioactivity is not confined to the radium series, but seems to be possessed, though to a less degree, by all other substances."

How far ahead of his times Franklin was may be gauged by the fact that the modern chemical atomic theory was not formulated until 1803 by John Dalton, in England, more than a half century after Franklin began his research in 1747. A general atomic theory, however, was established by Greek philosophers more than 2,000 years earlier.

Benjamin Franklin was not a rare case of an outstanding scientist developing in some unexplainable manner in the colonies. He had many scientific associates, who have not achieved equal fame. He organized the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia where many scientists of those days gathered to report their investigations.

Jet propulsion, which also seems a very modern development, was tried in Franklin's time by James Rumsey, who was born in Maryland about 1743, a half century before Robert Fulton, the man credited with being the father of the steamboat.

Rumsey proposed to drive boats by jet propulsion. His plan called for using a steam engine to drive a pump that would draw a stream of water in at the bow of the boat and eject it at high speed from the stern, thus provid-

ing the forward thrust. Franklin was among those who formed the Rumsey Society to foster the use of this and other of Rumsey's scientific developments.

The colonies lost one of their scientists, Benjamin Thompson, born in Woburn, Mass., in 1753, who made important contributions to the study of heat. This was as mysterious an agent as electricity, in those days. As the "spirit of flame," or phlogiston, it was considered a material substance. Thompson led the scientists to think of it as a nonmaterial form of energy.

Thompson was an extreme Tory in his political views and in conflict with the group that staged the Revolutionary War so he left for England and later for Bavaria, where he became Count Rumford. In return the colonies received later an even greater scientist, Joseph Priestly, born in England 1733, who discovered oxygen and its role as the part of the air essential in keeping us alive. Priestly expressed sympathy for the groups in France that were later to stage the French Revolution—which caused a mob to burn his home and library and destroy his laboratory in England. He fled to the United States and made his home in Pennsylvania.

* * * * *

EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF

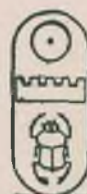
The Body of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(Like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and strip of its lettering and gilding), lies here food for worms: Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition corrected and amended by the author.

MIDWESTERN RALLY IN CHICAGO

The Nefertiti Lodge of Chicago will hold its Ninth Annual Rally on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, February 10, 11, and 12 at its Temple, 2539 N. Kedzie Avenue. Registration will begin at 9 a.m. on Friday, February 10, and will be followed by an interesting program for the period of the three-day rally. The rally program will include lectures, demonstrations, a banquet on Saturday evening, and many other features. The Supreme Secretary of the Order will attend this year's rally and be one of the principal speakers. All active members of the Order are cordially invited to attend.





The 1950 Grand Lodge Convention

JULY 9 TO 14

By THE SUPREME SECRETARY



Each new year brings many new events. For every Rosicrucian there is the prospect of the annual Rosicrucian Convention, which while old in tradition is ever new in activity. Gradually, over a period of years, it has become an official custom for members of the Order throughout the world to look for the opportunity of coming to Rosicrucian Park and being one of the hundreds of members from all parts of the world to participate in the actual sessions of a Grand Lodge Convention. Each year the Convention consists of members who have attended in previous years, and also, each year, many members come for the first time, and sometimes for the only time in their lives, to enjoy the activities of the Convention week.

At this early date, to attempt to outline the program of the 1950 Convention would be impossible. However, there are some features which make the Convention distinctive and typically Rosicrucian; these are carried out annually in one form or another. We might say that the average Rosicrucian member attends a Convention because he looks forward to the association with other members of the Order, and, also, for the instruction and leisure provided during the week at Rosicrucian Park. In every way possible this annual Convention is designed to help each member contribute to the fulfillment of these wishes. Life-long friendships have

been established by members contacting individuals whom they otherwise might not have met. Wherever a group of individuals gather in one common purpose, from many walks of life, and even from foreign countries, constituting representatives of many nationalities and races, the common bond between them is predominantly the means by which mutual interest and friendship can be established.

Above all other things, the Convention conveys Rosicrucianism to its members, in many forms. Through lectures, the officers of the organization and the visiting members present new ideas, instruction, and suggestions for the use of the Rosicrucian principles. In classes held for various degrees, intensive study is made of various phases of the Rosicrucian teachings. In allegory and pageantry the ideals and purposes of the Order are dramatized and brought in this manner closer to the mind and experience of each one who witnesses these performances.

The entire facilities of Rosicrucian Park will be available to you at the 1950 Convention. The Supreme Temple, dedicated in 1949, will provide the medium for the presentation of the Order's ritualistic work and interesting convocations at the 1950 Convention. Many members attending the 1949 Convention found that the convocations and ritualistic presentations in the Supreme Temple were, in themselves, of sufficient interest and inspiration to make the Convention week worth while even if nothing else had been presented.

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
January
1950*

Under the direction of the Technical Department of the Order every physical means of demonstrating the principles of the Order will be used, and staff members engaged in activities connected with the Egyptian Museum, Rosicrucian Planetarium, Rose-Croix University, Rosicrucian Research Library, and all other ramifications of the organization's work will join in making their facilities available to you, and constitute a phase of the Convention week.

The Supreme Grand Lodge extends to each and every member of the Order throughout the world a cordial invitation to make plans now to attend the 1950 Convention. All members, regardless of the degree in which they are studying, are eligible to register and participate in the Convention activities. We hope that *you* will be able to be one of those who will make up the membership present at the 1950 Convention when its opening session takes place on Sunday evening, July 9.

FOREIGN BOOK BARGAINS

Only a limited number of these book bargains in stock—first come, first served! These books—printed in Europe—were rushed to America by request to fill a demand for these special editions. Order yours today—they will be available only for a limited time!

PARACELSUS—*In English* A GENIUS AMIDST A TROUBLED WORLD

This 92-page biographical essay gives—in a rare Swiss book—source of information compiled by Dr. Basilio de Telepnef on the life of Paracelsus. Dr. Telepnef is a representative of the Swiss Society of the Friends of Paracelsus at Einsiedeln. Paracelsus was a *Rosicrucian* physician, scientist, and philosopher. He was in charge of the Rose-Croix University in Basel, Switzerland. Attractively bound. Postpaid, price \$1.60.

MYSTICAL LIFE OF JESUS—*In Latvian*

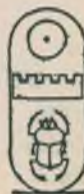
The real Jesus revealed at last! This book required a special tour of Palestine and Egypt to uncover and verify the strange facts contained in ancient *Rosicrucian* and *Essene* records. **WITHHELD** by many, this book takes up and *proves* the facts about the unknown period of Christ's life in his youth, not mentioned in the Gospel accounts. The immaculate conception, birth, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension will inspire you with new vision. Beautifully printed, conveniently bound in paper. Postpaid, \$1.00—In Latvian.

SELF-MASTERY AND FATE WITH THE CYCLES OF LIFE—*In French*

Do you know that you have periods of ups and downs—secret cycles in your life which you may discover? This book deals with these periods differently from any book ever written!

It reveals to you how you may take advantage of certain favorable or unfavorable periods to bring success, happiness, health, and prosperity into your life. This system does not deal with astrology or any form of fortunetelling. It presents a method long used by the Master Mystics in Oriental lands and which is strictly scientific and demonstrable. One reading of the book with its charts and tables will enable the reader to see the course of his life at a glance. Use this as a guide without magic or superstition—casting aside fate—which will reveal the exact methods of overcoming your *daily* difficulties! Well printed and conveniently bound in paper—156 pages. Price \$1.00.

ROSICRUCIAN SUPPLY BUREAU
Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California.



Science and Mysticism

CAN THESE TWO SPHERES BE RECONCILED?

By RALPH M. LEWIS, F. R. C.

LESSON ONE

TO MOST persons, science and mysticism seem to be worlds apart. This is perhaps due to their distinct terminology. In giving allegiance to either science or mysticism, the layman believes that it is necessary as an indication of his loyalty to be hostile toward one of the two. Both science and mysticism are products of the human mind; they stem from the human consciousness, from the mental functions. It is, therefore, to the mind that we must turn for an understanding of any relationship which might exist between science and mysticism.

Generally, when we speak of mind we are referring to man's intellect, his discernment, and to those faculties which are ordinarily associated with mind. Like all the other things of which we have knowledge, mind, too, has been and is subject to change. Mind has evolved by means of numerous factors. Environmental influences, such as variations in climate, geographical distribution of the races, the fact that some men have had their habitat in mountainous regions, others on the desert, and still others along seas or lakes, have all played a prominent part. Sociological influences have also contributed to man's mental evolution. Man's relationship to his fellows, the way he has reacted to their behavior, has helped mould his mind.

These changes then, or we may call them *characteristics*, have been transmitted from one generation of mankind to another through countless centuries. The continuous impact of such influences, similar stimuli acting upon the human organism, year in and year out



has produced a mutation, that is, an alteration of the *genes*. Genes are parts of the chromosomes, integral parts of the living cell. We may say that genes are the little storehouses of the hereditary characteristics in which all these gradual associations are retained and then transmitted. The im-

pacts of environment and social associations have also gradually altered the neural pathways, that is, the arrangement of the cerebral, or brain neurons. They have created channels through which certain influences pass more readily as impressions, causing us to react habitually or, as we say, instinctively in a certain way.

However, speaking collectively, man's mind has not had a uniform development through the centuries. The *genus homo*, or mankind, has not been subject alike to the same modifying influences. Men have not moved as a group, mentally, down through the centuries. Even though man's mind has passed through periods of progress, the minds of all men did not share the same levels of consciousness. On the climb upward which the mind of man has made, not all men have stood alike on the same steps; some were behind and others were ahead. The periods of the advancement of the mind, or the human intelligence, are exemplified by today's mental types, the various products of our present-day society.

In an objective sense, these different levels of mind may appear the same in a passing throng. The lowest stratum of intelligence of our times represents or, in other words, is the equivalent of that of the earliest period of man's mental

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development. The most inferior intelligence today is only equal to the mind of that type of man who stood upon the lower rung of the mental ladder thousands of years ago. These lower types of minds, however, easily adapt themselves to the superficial ways of living of our times. They wear the same clothes as any of the other mental types. They have the same automobiles, attend the same theaters and read, more or less, the same popular magazines. But, underneath these superficialities, they are still of a very *elementary* level of consciousness. We must understand that we can dress every man in the habiliments of the twentieth century. We can have every man go through the same common habits and practices, but we cannot give every man of today the mind and the vision equal to that of the twentieth century!

What, then, are the periods, or the stages through which the human mind has passed in its gradual evolution? What mental functions, what characteristics are there which we can say distinguish one mental period from another? We must make plain that no abrupt distinctions constitute the levels of culture of the mind. They do not break off; there are no sudden transitions from one to the other. There is, instead, a hierarchy of the mind, a graduation of the mental states by which one merges into another. Notwithstanding this gradual merger, certain mental traits do designate the periods through which the mind has passed. By varying characteristics, we can recognize one classification of the mind from another.

The Primitive Mind

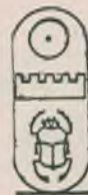
The first of these stages of the mind we shall call the *primitive*. In the popular sense, the average person considers the primitive mind as being the farthest extreme, the direct opposite of what is generally held today to be the greatest mental attainment or intellectual level reached by man. It is necessary for us to realize that this primitive mind is not characterized particularly by a lack of knowledge. It is not stupid or necessarily ignorant. There are many modern minds, people we meet, people with whom we have business relations, who are conversant with the events of

the day, who are familiar with the headlines, the sport page, and the financial page, who can use the general terminology of science or art, but who are nevertheless of the primitive type. They are of the primitive stage of man's mental evolution.

The primitive mind is not characterized by what it knows, or by what it does not know. Rather, such mind is distinguished by the way in which it thinks. The most noticeable primitive mental trait is one's failure to be able to definitely classify the objects of knowledge. An object of knowledge is anything we know or which we have experienced. To the primitive mind, external perception, things it has experienced through its objective senses, are confused with its own ideas and with mental images. Thus, for analogy, if the primitive mind repeatedly thinks of something, if it has a persistent mental image, it will eventually discover an *outer* counterpart of it, something in the world outside of itself which seems to correspond to that mental image. Such person imagines then that there *must be* some causal connection between the mental image, the thought, and the external thing which resembles it. How many times has some person mentioned to you that he has been dreaming of late of a certain thing and, lo and behold, he eventually saw something that resembled his dream. These individuals are certain that that which they saw was the cause of their dream, or at least exerted an influence upon it.

The primitive mind is an *extrovert*. It dwells, for the most part, on the outside of itself. For further analogy, the primitive person thinks of himself as being like a billiard ball surrounded by many other billiard balls. Now, when one billiard ball is moved, the movement of that ball can usually be traced to the impact of *another* ball upon it. In like manner, the primitive mind tries to relate all the ideas and the feelings which one has, and is moved by, to some external things, to some environmental entities or realities. One's primitive mind does not realize that his own ideas, his own mental processes may have produced the motivation of his own self.

Since the primitive mind, of course, cannot perceive objectively the causes



of all the actions of a person or of his feelings, he then invents causes to explain them. He builds a fabric of circumstances to fill in the gaps between his feelings, his vague ideas, and what he really knows. He tries to explain the whole of existence in a strictly objective sense. If he cannot reduce every experience to impressions from one of his receptor senses, something he has heard or seen, he then guesses as to its nature. Consequently, to the primitive intelligence there is a supernatural. Strangely enough, he considers this "supernatural" to be a *substance*, an invisible kind of substance. Ultimately everything is reduced to external factors, substances of kind.

The Speculative Mind

The next stage of the mind's progress is what we shall call the *early speculative*. This type of mind definitely constitutes an advancement in discernment or understanding. The speculative mind takes notice; it is particularly conscious of the effects which the world of reality has upon itself. The speculative mind conceives not only differences in appearance, the variations of things, their shape, their color and such qualities, but also their values to it. You may say that the early speculative mind classifies experiences by the nature of their advantages, the benefits he derives from them, and, as well, their disadvantages to him—whether he considers them harmful and to be avoided.

To the speculative mind, however, things are not just good and evil; there are some things which appear capable of domination, and others which do not. In other words, the early speculative mind begins to conceive an absence of

coherence, of agreement, in the world of reality. As one looks about him he finds that there is a group of things referred to as being alive, and there are the nonliving things; there are things, too, which are within the control of man, and things which are entirely beyond his control. Noticeable too are events and happenings which follow by succession, such as the seasons and tides. Then again, there are earthquakes and volcanic eruptions which man cannot anticipate with any kind of certainty. All of these things appear to reveal a lack of agreement in the phenomena of the world.

The early speculative mind, as we have said, is a definite advancement over its predecessor, the primitive; nevertheless, the speculative mind is the more unhappy one. It is this type of man's more penetrating thought which, at first, causes him to become less happy. To the strictly primitive mind such things as order and chaos are nonexistent or, at least, very vague notions. But, on the other hand, this simple, speculative mind, has a very definite consciousness of the difference between chaos and order. The speculative mind is likewise aware of its inability to satisfactorily relate these experiences of the world to itself. This causes two conditions: the negative and the positive. The first, or negative, instills confusion in the mind of the speculative individual. He has a feeling of helplessness with the apparent disagreement in things, from which results fear. The *positive* condition prompts the speculative mind to determine to search for some source of dependability, something to which it may tie *fast*.

(To be continued)

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To avoid delays in the handling of your mail, it is important that you be certain there is sufficient postage on each piece of mail addressed to us. If in doubt, have your letter weighed at your post office and affix sufficient stamps.

Because of numerous pieces of mail reaching us with postage due, we are forced to decline to accept mail coming to us upon which it is necessary for us to pay additional postage. The additional postage on one letter is very little, but on many it accumulates into a large amount.

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The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most highly developed and spiritually advanced members and workers of the Rosicrucian fraternity. It is the focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiate vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at the time will receive the benefit of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in the unusual benefits as well as those who are members. The book called *Liber 777* describes the periods for various contacts with the Cathedral. Copies will be sent to persons who are not members if they address their requests for this book to Friar S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing three cents in postage stamps. (*Please state whether member or not—this is important.*)

MENTAL UNITY



ANY PEOPLE who are obviously seeking peace of mind seem to be unaware of the fact that one prerequisite of peace in our own self is unity of thought as a foundation upon which peace and contentment can be established. A mind that is confused and petty, one which is overburdened with prejudice, jealousy, envy, or greed cannot ever arrive at a state of peace and maintain at the same time the emotional conflicts caused by these particular aspects of thinking.

Unity of mind, or unity of thought, means that the fullest degree of tolerance of which a human being is capable is exercised at all times. To have mental unity is to be able to be truly demo-

cratic, that is to be able to respect the thoughts, beliefs, and practices of other individuals even though differences may exist between one's own and their ideas. To discuss the basis of prejudice is to get involved in one of the most controversial topics that exist in the modern world. Particularly it is true that most forms of prejudices can be found to have their foundation on thoughts based upon some phase of religion, politics or race.

Religion and politics, insofar as interpretation is concerned, are primarily man-made opinions and doctrines. Race, on the other hand, is a God-ordained condition and one over which man can have no immediate control. Throughout the various manifestations of life on this earth the biological world is divided into species, and species into



racess. All are expressions of life, or a part of the over-all purpose of life, the purpose for which the Cosmic scheme has ordained it. We generally classify, among human beings, all the obvious races that are due to the pigmentation of the skin; and also much emphasis has been put upon the Aryan and non-Aryan races. In the news today, in articles, and even in the motion picture industry, this question of race is being given increased attention.

Prejudice based upon race, or race control, when carried to extremes is one of the most disastrous forms of prejudice. If we face the facts concerning race we cannot help acknowledging that there are differences between men, differences between all forms of life, and that to close our eyes to these differences is simply to refuse to acknowledge facts. But if we acknowledge facts we must also be fair and tolerant enough to admit that differences exist not necessarily only between races but between all men. There are as many differences between individuals of the same race as there are between individuals of various races.

In the universal scheme, it is our belief that the Cosmic is the manifestation of a unity of life. Then, as an expression of this Cosmic purpose and unity—and as life in its individual units is to manifest to the fullest extent all its potentialities, purposes and God-ordained objectives—it must also evidence unity in thought and concept. Many times we have seen quoted the phrase “as above so below”; it exists in similar wording in all idealistic philosophies and religions. This illustrates that regardless of diversities and differences, which are particularly objective in the physical world, there is in the wholeness of the expression of life a unity which is a duplication of a greater and larger oneness beyond the mere existence of life on this planet. To duplicate in our own thinking and make our individual lives an expression of the unity existing in the higher forces of the universe is to achieve, to the best of our understanding and ability, the true purpose of human life.

Many have said that peace of mind, satisfaction, and happiness are the highest achievements of a human be-

ing, but even more important, as has already been stated, than the accomplishment of these things is the duplication within our own thinking of the unity of tolerance and good will which are the endowments to the human race of the Cosmic or of the Supreme Being. No satisfactory achievement can ever be attained in the social, political, and economical relationships of various human beings, until mankind can achieve a mental unity each in his own being.

Our prejudices, when analyzed, are no more than internal mental conflicts hampering the establishment of unity in our own thinking. An honest appraisal of ourselves shows that the average individual can find little reason for his prejudices. It is true that certain disagreeable experiences in life, tradition, or social pressure may be found at the base of many of our prejudices, but these, when submitted to frank and careful analysis, are not often of any particular consequence. Racial prejudice, for example, is usually based upon social customs and tradition rather than upon any sound, rational thinking. The sensible viewpoint in regard to such prejudice is to agree to accept all mankind at its face value, or at the intrinsic qualities of every individual.

Unfortunately, there is a tendency on the part of many people to replace racial prejudice with a crusader type of thinking. Often we find someone who has relinquished a prejudice or an undesirable habit to become a crusader against that which was given up. In the matter of racial prejudice one disadvantage of becoming a crusader is that there is no reason to overdo one's new viewpoint to be tolerant of all races. To acknowledge all men as equal in the sight of God does not mean that we have to go out of our way to establish social relations with an individual simply because he is of another race. The choice of friends and associations can always stand upon individual merits and individual likes and dislikes without the extreme of prejudice.

To be at peace with God and have peace of mind we learn that we must enter into the unity and peace of the Cosmic scheme; it is then that we come to realize that our prejudices, lack of

tolerance, envy and other extreme emotions, are petty in comparison to the all-over purpose of the universe. Regardless of what may be our position in life, or how we may find social, economical, political, and religious prejudices forcing us into one position or another, we each as individuals can be learning to give tolerance and good will

and align ourselves with the unity of the Cosmic scheme. We can, in the privacy of our own thinking, work with the ideals which are represented by the Cathedral of the Soul, and in its inspiration and means of guidance, direct our own thoughts toward that mental unity which will be in harmony with Cosmic unity.



Music for Living

By M. W. KAPP, M. D.

This article is from an unpublished manuscript written by the late Dr. Kapp, author of the book, *Glands—Our Invisible Guardians*.



MAN IS TRYING to unify himself with the beauty and harmony of physical, mental, and spiritual life. We are so money mad and earth-bound that we often fail to hear or see the harmonies of sounds and colors, but we are beginning to understand something of the place of form, sound, and color in the scheme of life.

It is clearly evident that our whole five senses are influenced by the rhythms about us. For health and normal expression we need harmonies in all our bodily or physical movements. Breathing, heartbeats, peristalsis, muscular movements, nerve impulses are all rhythmical.

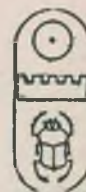
Life, like music, consists of movement and vibration, and both have their harmonies and disharmonies. There are endless forms and variations within the universal motion. We have

within us many vibrations that we do not consciously comprehend.

All movement is expressed in octaves and each octave is divided into seven main steps. We speak of hearing in terms of the scale of C, D, E, F, G, A, B, or do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ci. We hear in eleven octaves, beginning at the rate of 16 vibrations a second in a person with normal hearing, and ranging, as far as human hearing is concerned, to 32,768 vibrations per second. If the vibrations of two or more tones struck simultaneously are commensurate, the result to our ears is harmony, or consonance. The tones of the sound octaves also have their disharmonies or dissonants. Some of our best musicians can weave the consonants and some dissonants into such a fine harmony as to be very pleasing.

Colorful Tones

Both music and colors have tones which are just a difference in rates of



vibration. We see in one octave, called the spectrum. Light has five hundred trillion vibrations per second ranging from red to violet, and man has educated his eyes so that he can detect vibrations of a millionth of an inch difference—those differences constituting what we know as color. The octave of light is expressed by red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. It has been only comparatively recent that science has demonstrated the seven colors of the spectrum with their intermediate tones. These colors, like music, have their harmonies and disharmonies. Red, yellow, and orange are stimulating, whereas blue, indigo, and violet are soothing, creating tonic and sedative effects.

Music and colors lift us above the vibrations of matter and lead us not only to a higher mental attitude but also nearer to the occult or ethereal.

Emotional Appeal

Of all the arts, music appeals most to the emotions. Our primitive urges are still working through our ductless glands. Sounds of varying pitch express emotions of fear, hate, love, anger, and these were used before articulate speech was formed. All languages express these emotions in similar sounds. (For example, the word *freeze* has its counterpart in many languages: *fru* in Japanese, *freer* in German, *froide* in French, and so on.) Primitive music is mostly composed of one or two consonant tones produced with a rhythm. This very primitive but rhythmical music, or sounds, may stir the urges to frantic efforts from their wild, continuous performance.

Music as medicine antedates history. The tom-tom that may arouse the war spirit in others far away was also the primitive doctor's armamentarium. Occultists claim that priests chanted in the keynote of the dying person to break the silver cord that bound him to earth.

Music produces its effect by sounds that vary in pitch, intensity, and quality, that are strung together continuously and rhythmically in melody, and may give all shades of harmony. In singing, for example, the vibrant tones are consonant and harmonious. A tremulo is a dissonant and is inharmon-

ious. The singer who sings with truly vibrant tones sounds *on the key*, and one that tremulos sounds *off key* and flat.

The crooning of the negro and his spirituals will arouse the emotions of love and reverence. I once heard a negro down South singing "Go Down Moses" as he worked in the field; it had all the pathos of the old-time slaves who had sung it. Similarly, the song "Standing in the Need of Prayer" expresses longing and humility, and "The Crucifixion" as sung by Roland Hayes was a benediction, a reverence. It is to be noted that a religious song rendered by one who is not religious or spiritual will rarely go over well.

Appreciation of melodies is dependent upon education, conventionalities, habits, and fashions. Persons uneducated in the harmonies and disharmonies of music will be bored with technical music.

Up to the eighteenth century, music was largely a personal performance. Gradually more instruments were invented, and the orchestra with all its technique became developed, and finally music has developed into almost a religion. We have music everywhere now—the church, the concert hall, the saloon, the dance hall, and in almost every home through the radio.

The man is poor indeed who does not have a music sense. Even insects, animals, and birds have rudimentary conceptions of music, many of them making melodious sounds during courtship. Many animals are affected by sounds and colors.

Individual Keynotes

Every person has his or her keynote. I have demonstrated that I can quiet a baby's crying if I find his keynote and sing in that key or tone. The oftener the keynote is struck, the greater the effect of the music on the person. If his chord is G or blue, the person will be spiritual, and will be most affected by spiritual music. If the keynote is C, which corresponds to red, one will gain zest and activity from a piece played in the key of C. A great teacher of music who was a master of the violin said he played to his pupils in a key that would incite the mood he

wished to produce in them to get over the precepts he wanted to inculcate. One may have different moods and so have different keys at various times, but many changings of moods tend toward states of dissonance or disharmony.

Therapeutic Value

We are just beginning to learn why and how certain odors, colors, tastes, and sounds affect the rhythm of the body and mind and may uplift or degrade the personality. Inharmonious music, hate, fear, anger, jealousy consist of unrhythmical and destructive vibrations. The lower tones are or may be depressant. We know that sweet music aids digestion, influences blood circulation, lowers blood pressure, and energizes the gland system. Exaltation is found in the higher notes of music. Jazz has an agitating effect.

Music reaches the subconscious. The conscious mind may not perceive the effect, yet like the X-ray, music affects the cells of the body and stimulates the ductless glands and the involuntary muscles. It is a well-known fact, for example, that one who stammers can sing easily.

Music and its effect upon people is exemplified by the story of Saul and David. Saul had his tempers, and these David quieted by his skill on the harp.

The sound of the flute was recommended by ancient wise men to cure sciatica. Democritus said, "In many

diseases the sound of the flute has been a sovereign remedy."

In Germany during the great epidemic of dancing mania, called *St. Vitus's Dance*, musicians were hired to quiet or control the dancers by the selections played.

Dr. Robert Schauflier suggests a musical pharmacopoeia. For maniacal depressions he recommends Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyrie* and the prelude of Dvorak's *Carneval* for nervous exhaustion. For the effects of overwork *The Moldau* of Smetana, and some of the songs by Grieg are suggested; for grief, the works of Chopin and Beethoven, also Dvorak's *Concerto* for the cello; Bach for bad results of alcohol; Chopin's waltzes for insomnia; for furious mania, Wagner's *Pilgrim's Chorus in Tannhauser*, and for jealousy, the prelude of the *Meistersinger*.

Musical medicine has demonstrated that soft music can lower fever; long free open tones may help deafness; fear may be dissipated by martial music, and sluggish conditions of mind and body may be aroused by the waltz, the polka, or the mazurka. These are hardly suggested as a cure-all, but as an adjunct to other treatment.

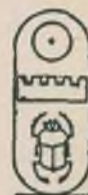
We see that music may be healing to the soul-personality. It may dissipate mental depression, be an aid to digestion and nutrition, and may stimulate the emotional system and the whole creative force of man.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

From many more parts of the world than in past years have come written expressions of kind consideration and good will. These holiday messages bore evidence of the expansion of the work of the Rosicrucian Order, in friendship as well as in geographical scope.

We express our appreciation and wish you to know that your contacts have added inspiration to our beginning of the new calendar year.

AMORC OFFICERS AND STAFF





Reaching the Roof

By DR. H. SPENCER LEWIS, F. R. C.

(From the *Rosicrucian Digest*, February, 1932)

Since thousands of readers of the *Rosicrucian Digest* have not read many of the earlier articles of our late Imperator, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, we adopted the editorial policy of publishing each month one of his outstanding articles, so that his thoughts would continue to reside within the pages of this publication.



CERTAIN contractor started to build a home in the suburbs of this city. I was interested in watching the care with which he constructed the foundation. It appeared to me that a very fine and attractive home was to be built on the concrete walls which he planned and constructed so carefully.

Shortly thereafter I met the contractor at a luncheon and asked him how his new house was progressing. His answer, that he was just completing the roof, astonished me. "Why," said I, "you reached the roof very quickly."

"Yes," replied the contractor, "you know when some persons build, they plan a roof that is very close to the ground and does not take much time or much effort to build up from the foundation to the roof."

I could not help pondering over his rather philosophical statement because it contained a whole bookful of thought. Undoubtedly, one of the reasons why so many persons in the world today have not achieved a higher or greater place in life is that they have too easily reached the roof. In all of their plans, in all of their considerations, desires and ambitions, they visualized a roof that was very close to the foundation, and after their structure was completed and the roof in place, their building

was lowly, humble, insignificant, and probably insufficient to represent their true possibilities in life.

Truly one can dream too vaguely, too ambitiously, or too magnificently, and place the roof of one's contemplated structure far beyond feasible heights; but it is very seldom that the ones who do this fail to gain an impressive height in their desire to reach the roof. They may fail to fulfill their plans, but in their attempts to do so they often rise far beyond those who are ultraconservative and too careful. Of the two classes of individuals, the one who is extremely conservative or pessimistic, doubtful, skeptical, reserved, and hesitating is the loser in life's great game. He starts out with limitations self-imposed, and it is seldom that he reaches beyond those limitations. The one who is overambitious, who seems to hitch his wagon to a star, who thinks the sky is the limit and that nothing is beyond his capabilities, is more apt to achieve success and at least accomplish something more magnificent than those who are self-restrained.

I have heard economists and some of the most eminent financiers in America say that the only way that young married couples or young persons individually ever accumulate vast material holdings, or become possessed of real material wealth, is by getting into debt and by assuming large con-

tracts and obligations, which they then are forced to meet. They say that more homes have been acquired by young couples who have plunged themselves into the obligation of paying for a beautiful home than by those who attempted to save for it and buy such a home when sufficient funds were at hand. However true this may be, I do know that the man or woman who mentally conceives and plans a great structure or career in life and determines to make good in these plans is the one who generally succeeds in doing so.

The greater the ambition, the greater the enthusiasm and the desire to make good. The higher and more lofty the goal, the more determination is exerted to reach it. Commonplace obstacles that deter and disparage the individual who is attempting to reach only a mediocre place mean nothing to the one who has a great plan or an enormous idea to work out.

Resorting again to the illustration of the building of a home, we can see that the man who plans to build only a four-room bungalow, and build it quickly with a limited amount of money and time, will become greatly discouraged in his efforts to complete such a building if the day he starts to lay the foundation the rain pours upon the ground and continues to do so for a number of days until the ground is wet and soggy. And if, after the rain is over, a few days of snow and freezing temperature come, and after this a period of cold and cloudy weather, he will surely abandon his plans of going to work to start his home. If, then, he meets with a few disappointments in securing the right material or the right amount of capital, he will probably be discouraged completely, and will permanently abandon the whole enterprise.

Such a person in planning a small and limited structure expects to complete it within a very short time and have it over with. Any obstacles that delay the matter for weeks or months are equivalent to obstacles which prevent him from achieving his end altogether. To the man who is planning a structure that is to take years to complete, and which he knows will have to go on through all kinds of weather

and through divers conditions and circumstances, any obstacles delaying him a few weeks or a few months at a time seem inconsequential in comparison to the time that he knows must be spent to eventually realize his desires. He is, therefore, unaffected by them to any serious degree.

Imaging the Future

I remember well the plans for our own organization when it became apparent that I would have to work out most of the details for the development of the Rosicrucian activities in America for the new cycle under my direction. I might have given much thought to the possible delays, the inevitable disappointments, and the personal problems that would confront me. Considering these, I might easily have arranged to construct an organization that would have had a good foundation but a roof not too high above that foundation. But instead of doing this, I allowed my mentally created structure to tower into the skies to enormous heights and I raised the roof of the structure so high that from where I stood in the picture I could not see where it was nor what it looked like. In fact, I never felt sure that there was a roof upon this mental structure or that a roof was even necessary, for it seemed to me that the only thing to consider was the making of a foundation so strong and with walls so supported that story after story could be added to the building in its rising heights without limit and without fear of collapse or weakness.

The plans seemed to be beyond reason, and many were the serious warnings given to me that I was undertaking too great a work, too great a structure to be accomplished in a lifetime, or by any moderate-sized group of individuals. Every possible or potential obstacle was carefully pointed out to me. As months and years passed, most of these obstacles made their appearance in due form and due time. Every predicted interference and hundreds unsuspected by even the most wise of builders likewise presented themselves. But since the work was an enormous one, the task a magnificent one, and the structure so bewildering in all of its dimensions, the obstacles, difficulties,



problems, and delays were taken merely as a matter of course and really spared us all in our efforts.

What the structure is today is a result of the great plans. Whether these plans will all be realized in my lifetime or not is immaterial. The very greatness of the work has carried us on in its ponderous and overwhelming vastness, but we have no fear of not attaining the ultimate nor that our long and carefully laid foundation will crumble away.

True, we have not reached the roof and it is not our ambition to reach the roof rapidly. The roof is still so far beyond us that we can only think of the work we have to do on the rising level of each new section of height accomplished in our work.

Choosing Magnificence

How different is all of this to the conservative, limited plan of those who hesitate and fear to build and plan magnificently! It is only through the broadness of vision, through the unlimited heights of our ambitions and the very greatness of our ideals that we really lift ourselves up and beyond the commonplace. The Rosicrucian organization in America is planned to be

in its present cycle just what it has been in each of its previous cycles in this and other lands; namely, an unusual, distinctive, magnificent structure of unlimited and unrestricted heights of attainment. It must not only battle its way in attempting to rise above the pull and influence of earthly matters as it reaches up into the heights of glory, but it must push its way through the clouds that gather in the heights above the earth and often darken and obscure the heavens beyond. It means work and sacrifice and a steadfastness of faith, as well as a determination to bear the burden of the cross until the heights are reached, and then raise that cross upon the very pinnacle.

To those thousands of members and readers who have expressed their joy and pride of being associated with the work of this kind, let me urge that in their own lives they plan with the greater vision in mind and with the illimitable heights as the true domain of their creating. In this way is found the joy of reaching out and beyond the average and the commonplace into the unique and the exceptional.

Do not be in such a hurry to reach the roof of the structure that you will plan it too close to the earth.

YOUR LITERARY EFFORTS

It is our desire to encourage the expression of ideas by our members and friends. We are pleased to learn that the Rosicrucian teachings and our varied literature have often challenged the imagination and stimulated the minds of its students.

Unfortunately, however, our Editorial and Literary staffs do not have the time to serve as literary critics for all the manuscripts—fiction and nonfiction—which our activities have inspired. We receive, each month, several *unsolicited* manuscripts of from five to five hundred typewritten pages each. The authors ask for our opinion as to their merit. A conscientious survey of such manuscripts would take many hours of our staff's time. Their duty is to the activities of their departments. They, obviously, cannot indulge in such *extra* functions.

We are thus obliged to decline to read these unsolicited manuscripts. This also puts the sender to the additional expense of sending money for the registration and postage for the return of the manuscript.

Please do not send unsolicited manuscripts. If you feel you have an article that will be interesting to our readers, or something that is worthy to be put into book form and is in accord with the activities of the Rosicrucian Order, *write to us first*. Address a single-paged letter to the Editorial Department, summarizing the subject of your manuscript. We repeat that this letter must be not more than one page. Enclose with your letter a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. If the staff, after reading your letter, believes your literary work is one that can be used by the Rosicrucian Order, you will be notified. Arrangements will be made for you to send your manuscript for honest analysis and possible publication.



ROSICRUCIAN PARK personnel is not exempt from the law of change which operates everywhere. Frater Erwin Watermeyer, long of the Technical Department here at Rosicrucian Park, has been released from his duties

in order that he may devote time to graduate study. He began his work at the Leland Stanford University in Palo Alto at the opening of the fall semester.

To fill the place on the staff left vacant by his going, Frater Lester L. Libby has been engaged. Strangely enough, Frater Libby came to California in September without any thought of working for the Order. Believing California to be the place where he wanted to be, he established himself in San Jose preparatory to finding in industry just the position that suited his talents. Quite casually, he says, he mentioned to the Imperator his willingness to donate part of his time to the Order until he was otherwise engaged. He was greatly surprised to find that the Order could supply a full-time opportunity satisfactory to his talents and ability.

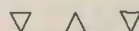
Frater Libby first heard of the Rosicrucians in 1929 when he was a high school student. Even though education and preparation for a career then prevented his consideration of membership, he carried it in mind as a future possibility, and in 1938 made his application and was accepted.

Born in Hartford, Connecticut, Frater Libby received his preparatory education there, and also in New London and in Norwich. In 1935 he received his B. S. Degree in Electrical Engineering from Worcester Polytechnic Insti-

tute, and the following year his Master's Degree. From then until 1941 he was a radio tube design engineer with RCA and Tung-Sol. Between 1941 and 1944 he was a project engineer on radio receivers and direction finders with Federal Telephone and Radio Corporation. In 1944 he became senior project engineer at the Federal Telecommunications Laboratories, remaining there until the end of 1947. In addition, for a term in the winter of 1944-45, he was an instructor in UHF techniques at Newark College of Engineering. From January 1948 to September 1949, he held the position of chief engineer of the Ohmega Laboratories Incorporated and the Kay Electric Company.

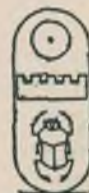
He is a member of Sigma Xi and a senior member of the Institute of Radio Engineers.

Golf, tennis, and swimming are his main hobbies, although he admits a fondness for music as a means of recreation. He is now a member of the clarinet section of the Rosicrucian Orchestra. Frater Libby is married and has two daughters, one 6½, and the other 9 months.



A frater who attended the new Supreme Temple last summer has written his impressions for the Tacoma, Washington Sunshine Circle's *Lotus Leaf*. We quote:

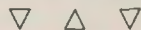
The first impression received after passing the heavy bronze doors of the new Supreme Temple, is both fascinating and startling, that of leaving the 20th century with its constant strife and turmoil to find peace and tranquillity in a civilization long since buried . . . When you step from Rosicrucian Park into the serenity of the



temple, you raise your eyes and see stars twinkling in the midnight-blue vault of the heavens as they did more than twenty centuries ago. As you . . . gaze through what appears to be an open end of the temple, you see far off on the horizon the banks of the Nile etched in strong relief by the crimson rays of a setting sun.

When the great gong breaks the stillness by its reverberations you picture the quiet processions of ancient Egypt filing into the temple in search of knowledge. The murals, in the stylized Egyptian manner of the Book of the Dead present a panoramic history of the Egypt of antiquity . . . Egypt in which the Rosicrucian Order found its origin.

As the light in the East fades and the jewel-like moon comes into prominence, you realize that the convocation is over. The Colombe extinguishes the flickering candles on the Shekinah and you leave the temple. When you analyze your impressions to discover the basis for this enveloping peace, you realize that it is impossible to do so; you only know that you will come again.—Robert Walters.



Paying homage to Chopin on his hundredth anniversary, Frater J. A. Calcaño, of the Supreme Council of the Order, devoted an evening to playing his compositions. Frater Calcaño, the artist, is becoming well known and appreciated in San Jose.

Interestingly enough on this occasion, he became musicologist as well. Between the two parts of his program, he spoke of Chopin's life intentions musically. He said: "Chopin represents one of the best examples of composers who seek to raise mankind to a higher realization of spiritual possibilities. His music awakens in us, through actual pictures, our higher feelings and lifts our emotions to higher levels. It makes us more appreciative of all that is sincere, beautiful, and honest. We feel pleasure in his compositions because they produce an inner satisfaction. That is why the music of Chopin will be played for many years to come: it expresses so much that evolving man must assimilate."

One further remark by Frater Calcaño during his talk on Chopin, "Rosicrucians are dedicated to the encouragement of cultural activities, scientific pursuits, philosophy and music," was amply demonstrated during early November when the Order made Francis Bacon Auditorium available to the Grand Opera Association of San Jose.

This group of opera lovers presented Mozart's one-act opera, *Bastien and Bastienne* and several choruses and arias from other operas, on two evenings in Rosicrucian Park. The Order's making possible the use of the Auditorium at a token fee, and thus welcoming this group to Rosicrucian Park, must be set down under the heading "encouragement of cultural activities."

* * * *

Another impression of a Rosicrucian Park activity comes from Frater Harold Venske who attended R. C. U. last summer. A teacher himself, Frater Venske's comments may be as helpful as they are interesting:

"My attendance at R. C. U. proved to be truly a profitable and pleasant experience. Seven weeks have passed and I find that I seem to have acquired (in the language of the accountant) 'an asset that needs no reserve for depreciation'; hence this notice of appreciation. I couldn't help noticing that one instructor's notebook had the monotony of white pages often broken by flashes of green; that particular shade of green suggested the Neophyte monographs. I have now reread them with new interest and appreciation. They seem different. Not only are they more meaningful, but I find them beautifully written and organized."

Surely something very worth while is accomplished at R. C. U. if even one student is enabled to go back to past monographs of his study and find new meaning and inspiration there!



To chronicle all the activities of the Order in which the Colombe plays an important part would be to write a history. Anyone interested in material for such a piece of writing will find it in the following items:

Frater Disher commented most enthusiastically upon the assistance given

(Continued on page 470)



They Told Their Stories

By FRANCES VEJTASA, F. R. C.



UNDERSTANDING has for its basis the mental and emotional unity or similarity of evolution of the soul-personality, regardless of language, race, or geographic territory. The vocabulary may be regional or provincial or not understandable but the reaction in feelings is the same the world over. This article is a sequence to "Tell Me Your Story"—March, 1949, issue. It concludes the stories, relating incidents as registered in the consciousness of recipients of consideration bestowed by fellow men, which appeared in the November *Digest* under the above title.

In human experience, next to family relationship come neighborly associations. Among the usual neighborly interchanges which were a part of these stories, and naturally so, were included the unusual ones. There is the bachelor of rural districts whose entanglements with breadmaking, fruit canning, the washing of clothes, call for attention; and everywhere there is the bachelor girl, who strives for self-sufficiency without any immediate family help. Both constitute an enigma inviting comprehension. They are not missing in the Creator's over-all pattern but stand out as bas-relief in the design which constitutes the art of living.

In this contemplation of neighborly living, the characteristic of kindness seems to be employed the most often, and calls for deliberate cultivation. "There are many instances of people who have 'gone the second mile' with

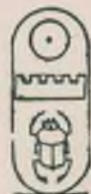
me," says one writer. Then she tells how a teacher substituted in many hours of additional teaching for her husband, when a child developed an emergency operation for appendicitis. As if in emphasis of *no limitations*, the benefactor also offered his type "O" blood.

Some people are unusual, reminds another recipient of the good. "We *had to sell* our farm, and when the time came to move, we felt bad. The couple who bought it did not speak English very well (she was a Hungarian), and their ways were strange. When we gave them the deed to the farm they informed us to please not trouble ourselves with moving. 'We want you both to stay as you are. We don't want to be here alone,' was the explanation. It was their own homesickness which cried out for our companionship and unconsciously softened the pain that was ours in having to leave what had been our home."

Street Emergencies

The activities of wars pass on but memories, like photographed scenes, survive:

"During the war I was waiting in Sacramento for a bus. Just as it stopped, my knees gave out; I dropped down and could not get up. The crowd kept pushing themselves into the bus and no one offered help until a young negro in uniform stepped forward, and placing his hands under my arms, lifted me into the bus. He then raised his cap and dropped into a seat near the door."



From another person comes this story: "I was hurrying down a street in Honolulu to catch a bus. In wartime, cars, buses, and people had to be off the streets by 6 p.m. My *precious* paper bag, filled with tins of food, split wide open as I slipped on an oily driveway. After scrambling to my feet, I began stacking the tins which had rolled all over the sidewalk. 'Pili-kea?' asked a voice (familiar Hawaiian word for *trouble*). I answered 'nui, nui' (much, much) and looked up expecting to see a Hawaiian person. Instead, there stood a frail, tired-looking, shabby little Japanese. Recognizing him to be of the 'older type' I spoke in Japanese the 'courtesy greeting' and told him what had happened.

The man then answered that there was a trash can in front of one of the business buildings and that if I could wait he would hurry to see if he could find some discarded paper in it. He returned promptly with odd pieces of paper and some bits of tangled string and soon had my tins securely bundled up. I could not offer him money nor even food, for nothing hurts his type of Japanese more than to 'be paid' for a kindness. I could not even offer him my hand as Orientals do not like being touched or to shake hands. I merely thanked him sincerely and said that I would pass his kindness on at the first opportunity. He acknowledged my remarks with a smile, raised his hands Japanese fashion to his forehead, and walked away. It was only then that I suddenly realized that his and my country were at war.

Here is more evidence that sympathy is interracial:

"During the war years we didn't keep a cow, and a colored family over the way were sparing me a quart of milk a day. Every afternoon at 3 o'clock, I came on horseback for the milk. One day in almost zero weather and a strong, biting wind, I reached my destination and was too cold to dismount. Mama Betty, suspecting trouble hurried out to tie my horse. She practically lifted me off, and then assisted me into the house. The heat from the stove sent such pain through my fingers I almost cried. While Mama Betty was warming my numb hands between her warm black ones, her blind hus-

band, an ex-preacher, suggested: 'Give Mrs. M—— two quarts today, so if it is cold tomorrow she need not come.'

"By that time I had found my voice, 'Oh, but it will cut you short,' I protested.

" 'What if it does?' answered this Missourian. 'I have been on the road on horseback in just such weather.' Next day it was zero weather and I was thankful for this kindness expressed as forethought."

Pass It Along

"Some years ago I was dangerously ill and being in an isolated part of the country I had to be carried on a stretcher, by natives, through tangled forest growth and marshy swamps for several miles till we came out into the open where a launch met us. I was then taken to a doctor's home. The doctor became worried and anxious, for I needed minute care and no one was available. After several hours a stranger woman came in—from miles away. She had heard of the need and left her home and family to offer her services. Although she knew nothing about nursing, she followed the doctor's directions to the letter.

"When I became well enough so that she could be released, I asked her how much I owed her besides a wealth of gratitude. She answered, 'Nothing—except PASS IT ALONG. Your opportunity will come, and I thank you right now for what will be your payment to me.' Since then many opportunities have come to 'pass it along,' and I have never forgotten."

Are These Coincidences?

Some persons wonder if certain episodes woven into the patterns of their lives are purely coincidences or the working of a strange law, unknown and yet fully knowable:

"One evening in Denver, Colorado, while I waited for a streetcar, one among many, a woman frantically asked if I would pay her fare. There was no time to lose; I paid the fare. The woman left with me a gratefully relieved look, and the positive statement: 'This will be returned to you today.'

"I forgot the incident, but during the evening while with guests at a

friend's house, one of them unexpectedly asked, 'Could you use some car tokens? I have no use for them.' I was startled, but accepted philosophically."

A story from England reads: "I have a naval rating. My favorite walk is under the cliffs along a river near home. Some time ago, when I was strolling along the sands I would notice a group of rough, unpleasant-looking men, gambling under a cliff. This is illegal and they had an outpost watching. One afternoon as I was taking my usual walk, a sailor approached me with the warning that the gamblers thought I was a spy from the Police and were set to attack me. He then insisted on escorting me off the shore to my home. I shall always remember this solicitude for my safety. Also, there are now no gamblers under the cliffs."

Drama on a river: "When I was twenty years old, we lived in a river boat, east of St. Louis (Missouri). One day the river rose and surrounded the boat. My father became very ill. We gave signals, by firing a gun or blowing a foghorn at regular intervals. The man-of-the-river heard and came through those waves. From where came his strength? He went away again and finally returned with a doctor. It is the rule on the river that no one must fail to answer a call of distress. My father recovered. In my consciousness, close to the surface, there is always the picture of the man-of-the-river coming through the waves toward my sick father, and those of us who stood by helplessly waiting."

Lost Articles

When the lost is found, that moment is always impressionistic. It is understandable, too, why purses, of all lost things, cause the most anxiety. They are left in rest rooms, trains, buses, stations, eating places.

Here is one expression of the well-exercised sense of relief: "A friend and I were driving to attend the summer session at the Rose-Croix University. After stopping at a service station, we resumed our journey and had gone a stretch of twenty more miles when I missed my purse. It contained all the money I had saved to pay for my tuition and living expenses.

"An example of generous behavior was the patience and good humor of my companion who drove back to see if the purse could be found. My tension was relieved not only by the sight of the purse but by the station attendant's attitude when he grinningly told me that some little girls had found the purse and brought it, with the remark, 'Someone needs this purse purty bad cuz there's a nawful lot uv money in it.'

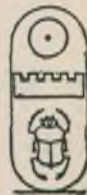
"All I could do was to send thoughts of gratitude toward the little strangers who had taken care of my property."

Unsolicited Help

"Developing a talent in photography has been a rather lonely game for me, as I live 100 miles inland (Montana) and do not personally know another serious photographer. My first unsolicited help came when I had submitted some photos to *The Westerner*. A letter from one of the editors explained why he could not use most of the prints. Editorlike, his statement was frank and to the point: 'You have unusual ability to see a picture and your composition is good, but if you desire to sell your stuff you will have to learn to do your own darkroom work.' He took time to warn that commercial developing was not good enough for magazine use. The finisher now cooperates with my suggestions, and with additional help coming from various experienced persons, I am mastering this art. What is there about photography that makes those who work with it so friendly and generous?"

Into this mosaic of reminiscences comes one from a medical student in Pakistan, stating that one day as he rode out of the hospital gate on his "cycle," another cyclist from an opposite direction dashed into him, disabled one of the back wheels, and rode on. This incident, although it proved humorous to passers-by, left the victim helpless. He started down the road dragging his cycle and feeling very much depressed. Just then he met a middle-aged fellow, who observed the situation, got off his own cycle, and having mechanical knowledge, sufficiently straightened out the compressed wheel so that it could move.

These contrasts in human behavior left a definite impression. "To this day



I cannot forget these two strangers who passed my way: One crashed against me and hurried on; the other stopped to repair the damage caused by the first fellow, and then, without reward, cheerfully pedaled away."

Is fact stranger than fiction? "In the early part of 1933 when the world depression was at its worst in Australia, I, as most other working men, found myself without a job. I rode my push-bike from Sydney to Queensland. After traveling 1500 miles, my tires wore out and I had no money to buy new ones. I was compelled to walk and lead the bike. One hot morning as I was battling along a dusty bush track, a man and his wife who were standing outside a bush shack spoke to me. They invited me to have a bit of lunch with them.

"When I went outside after eating, I found the man had taken the worn-out tires off my bike and replaced them with a complete set of good tires from his own bike, leaving his own bike without tires. That staggered me. I had nothing to give him in return, and he refused to let me have his name and address. It was evident that he was as poor as I was, but I was heading for the gold fields. About two years later, when I had the means to pay him, I went back that way but couldn't find any trace of him." The letter concludes: "This is my personal experience, an absolute fact in every detail."

American Citizen, French Language, Italian Courtesy

"Early in this century, after a pleasant summer with a friend in northern Europe, I was traveling alone into Italy, to study Renaissance Art. The college instructor who advised this year of study had not told my unsophisticated parents that it was not customary for a young woman to travel in Europe unattended. I knew that caution was advisable, and I had all the experience of twenty-six years, although I looked sixteen. But here I was, in a first-class compartment, upholstered lavishly in red plush. I knew my destination, for I had already engaged accommodations at a pension in Siena, but I understood not one word of Italian.

"At first, I had the compartment to myself. Then, at a station, three young

Italian officers leaped in. Two of them sat on the seat opposite; the third, in a corner at my side. They completely surrounded me. I could not look up without meeting the eyes of one of them. So I studied my Baedeker (travelers' handbook).

"When, at a junction, an elderly peasant woman appeared at the door, with fruit to sell, they purchased some, and asked if they might do the same for me. That broke the ice. Their questions were in French. Was I American? How old was I? Where was I going? I replied pleasantly, perhaps a little indulgently, as befitted a free-born American.

"They may have been awed by my unexpected age, for the conversation ceased. I returned to my Baedeker, and noted that the train passed through a long, dark tunnel. However, Siena was reached without incident. Once there, the young men bounded from the train, called a porter, secured a cab, put me and my luggage into it, and gave my address to the driver. They drove off in another cab, waving gaily.

"It was my first experience with Italian courtesy and hospitality, and it was typical. So today, when I hear of Italy in the international news, I remember her people and wish for her the best the world can give."

Her Own Discoveries

An American girl at nineteen years of age ventured into foreign lands to discover for herself what people are made of. She has joined the group to tell her story:

I arrived in Hamburg, Germany, in 1935. My last American compatriots had left me at a frankfurter stand. I tried to eat a wiener but tears of fright and loneliness began welling up in me. The German mustard was sharp enough to quicken the tears and soon I was crying harder than I ever knew I could.

On board a train for Vienna a few minutes later, my sobs increased. Fear overpowered me for I could not read German and I didn't know if I had the right ticket nor if I was on the right train! Moreover, the train's wooden enclosed compartments with two benches designated for eight people

(Continued on page 471)

Myths and Legends

Myths have been invented by wise men to strengthen the laws and teach moral truths.—Horace

A STORY OF CREATION

AT ALL LEVELS of his unfoldment, man is concerned with the matter of his origin. Before he was capable of writing factually, he related the story imaginatively. Thus, among all peoples, mythology antedates history. Primitive and fantastic as mythologic accounts often are, they are nonetheless stamped with the character and integrity of the people among whom they originated. They have an enduring quality, quite frequently a beauty, that endears them to all men. They many times surpass the more factual record. Thus, they can never be neglected when one searches for truth.

In the Beginning

In ancient times, in the beginning, heaven and earth were not separate and had no being. Chaos, like an egg containing the germ of life, alone existed. Male and female were uncreated and unknown.

Within the egg of chaos, lighter and darker elements appeared and separated. The lighter elements became the heaven and the darker ones became the earth.

Between the lighter and darker elements, there appeared a reedlike stalk which changed into the Eternal Ruling Lord. From him came the High Producing God and the High Producing Goddess; and after them, many others—in all, a great number, always in pairs. But they generated nothing.

At last, there appeared Izanagi-no-Mikoto, His Highness the Inviting Male, and Izanami-no-Mikoto, Her Highness the Inviting Female. To them was assigned the task of creating the



land and bringing forth things upon it. They stood upon the High Floating Bridge between the separating elements of chaos and looked about them.

Izanagi thrust his jeweled spear into the ocean of mist, and it condensed to drops along the blade. From each drop there came an island, until eight had been created.

Passing down the High Floating Bridge, Izanagi and Izanami came upon the first island. There they performed the ceremony of marriage and began the second part of their task.

Land of Gloom

Many gods were fathered by Izanagi and mothered by Izanami; but, with giving birth to the fire god, Izanami perished. Into the Land of Gloom, she went to dwell. Izanagi followed her to bring her back again.

Izanami-no-Mikoto, looking as she did when alive, lifted the curtain of the palace in the Land of Gloom and came forth to meet him, and they talked together. Izanagi-no-Mikoto said to her, "I have come because I have sorrowed for thee. O my loving younger Sister, the lands that thou and I were making together are not yet finished; therefore, come back." But Izanami made answer, saying, "My august Lord and husband, I wish to return with thee to the living world, but I have eaten food in the Land of Gloom. Wait here, do not look upon me, and I shall discuss the matter with the gods of this place."

When Izanagi had waited a long time and Izanami did not return, he went in search of her. He found her swollen and festering among worms



while eight kinds of thunder gods sat upon her. He would have fled, but Izanami cried: "Thou hast put me to shame. Thou hast seen my nakedness. Now, I will see thine." She bade the Ugly Females of the Land of Gloom to follow him; and the eight thunders and she herself pursued him. He drew his sword and waved it as he ran. He took his headdress and flung it down. It changed to grapes, and the Ugly Ones delayed to eat them. He took his comb and cast it down, and it became sprouts of bamboo. Again, the Ugly Ones delayed to eat the bamboo sprouts while Izanagi ran on towards the mouth of the Land of Gloom. He took a rock which only a thousand men could lift and rolled it to the entrance as Izanami came up.

Standing behind the rock, he pronounced the words of divorce. From the other side of the rock, Izanami cried, "My dear Lord and Master, if thou dost so, in one day, will I strangle to death one thousand of thy people," and Izanagi-no-Mikoto answered saying, "My beloved younger Sister, if thou dost so, I will cause, in one day, to be born fifteen hundred." Thus, Izanagi divorced Izanami and escaped

from the Land of Gloom; and thus, birth and death were balanced.

Purification

Many cleansing ceremonies Izanagi performed to remove the taint of the Land of Gloom from his person. Thus were many other gods born. From his left eye came the Goddess of the Moon. From his right eye came the Goddess of the Sun. From his nostrils came the God of Storms.

The Goddess of the Sun and the God of Storms were often in conflict and the god's rages and insults many times troubled heaven and earth. The Storm God was Susa-no-wo. The Sun Goddess was Ama-terasu. Her grandson became the first emperor of Japan.

Such is the story of creation according to the Nihongi or "Chronicles of Japan." Fragmentary and inconclusive as it is, it is nonetheless poetically conceived and contains significant and provocative elements. From nothing came one; from one, two; from two, many—in the egg of chaos, the union of positive and negative being fruitful, and their separation being destructive. These and other elements exhibit penetration of thought.



TEMPLE ECHOES

(Continued from page 464)

him in his public assemblies in Vancouver, B. C., by the Colombes who conducted the opening and closing rituals. There were four: Dorothy Northard, Norma Jean Simpson, Patricia Spalding, Doreen Tener. And in his public assembly in Victoria, B. C., little Diane V. Stokes, 11 years old, served him most charmingly.

* * * *

In Victoria, too, the Master of the Lodge, Miss E. M. Burrows, was once a Colombe of the Order.

* * * *

On the cover of *The Rosicrucian Forum* for October is a poem, "The Quest," written by Colombe Nancy Stanaway. This poem appeared originally in the Colombes' own magazine, *The Dove*.



Through the kindness of fratres and sorores of the Order in Java, a magnificent, ancient bronze gong has been added to the accoutrements of the Supreme Temple here in San Jose. The gong is approximately twenty inches in diameter and of metal ½-inch thick, making its vibrations deep, full, and rich. They are of such low pitch that they overlap the octaves of touch, so that when the gong is struck the vibrations are felt as well as heard.

The gong's age is estimated at something more than 150 years. It will undoubtedly add distinction to the beginning and closing ceremonies in the Temple and will mean an added something to those who have already experienced the magic of a Temple convocation.

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
January
1950*

THEY TOLD THEIR STORIES

(Continued from page 468)

were strange to me and added to my sense of insecurity. When seven Nazi soldiers entered the compartment bound for the Nuremberg conclave (as I learned later), my emotions almost rose to hysterics. The men closed the door of the compartment and regarded me with amazement. In turn, I beheld no abrupt mechanized efficiency, but pairs of somewhat dejected khaki shoulders, motionless hands holding tin cups and chocolate, hesitant arms wrapped about red pillows, and bewildered faces. Between sobs I tried to explain that I was "Amerikanerin."

Their laughter had ceased minutes before. It was replaced by tender concern. They offered me chocolate, filled their cups with water for me from canteens, urged me to accept their red pillows, and when they saw that none of their offers calmed me, they took handkerchiefs from their pockets and wiped away those tears which had begun forming in their own eyes! Late that evening while I pretended to sleep, they took turns guarding the door in order that no one would enter the compartment and disturb me. Hanzel and Gretl when lost in the woods had no better guardian angels. This was one occasion, at least, when a group of Nazis displayed their share in Divine Consciousness.

In Vienna, Austria, I made the acquaintance of a young Jewish boy. Our youth and the fact that neither of us had any money seemed to establish an affinity between us. When I had foolishly spent my monthly allowance from America and did not know how I should eat for many days, my beautiful, young Jewish friend would "steal me" into his uncle's home—a gloomy, rambling pension of multiple stairways, cobblestone courtyards, and chilly flats. In this establishment his uncle fed and clothed some twenty-odd relatives. One person more or less was never noticed, so here I often got some soup or tea.

Once when I was hungry, but sick in bed so that I could not avail myself of this generous, if unsuspecting, uncle's hospitality, my Jewish friend pawned his watch, and with his fiancée, brought

me nourishment. This is not exceptional, but customary Jewish concern.

My temporary home in Prague, Czechoslovakia, was a pension operated by German Catholic nuns. My Protestant denomination made no difference in their kindness and friendliness. In this pension I shared a room with a score of otherwise homeless, Czechoslovakian women employees who worked at various menial tasks in the city. Among them was an eighteen-year-old waif. Always dressed in a scanty, torn red dress, her emaciated little body was further outraged by a paralyzed arm and leg. The latter dragged behind her like some borrowed neglected accessory.

She received meager wages in some heavy employment. Yet, at the end of a hard day's work, she would be waiting at my bedside with a few shriveled apples or some figs to share with me when I had returned from "sightseeing." She had realized that I would forget and buy postcards in place of food, and while she was a year younger than I, she concerned herself with my well-being with careful and tireless devotion. So radiant was the Divine essence manifested in this poor—and yet how rich—young being!

Hiking with my knapsack on my back one Easter Sunday in Sweden, I had wandered from the main highway onto a wild and forsaken road. The snow along the side of the road was waist-deep, and the beautiful somber fir-trees on either side were laden with a three-inch snow meringue. The air reverberated with the roar of waterfalls which were so close together as to never be out of sight. Entranced, I yet became fearful as I realized that I was lost in this glorious country. Night was closing about me, and owing to the thunder of the waterfalls, I did not hear a car approach. So it was with great alarm that I jumped aside upon hearing someone address me. It was a Swedish boy, wearing a derby and a fur coat, and sitting in an open touring car. He had been educated in England, and asked if I would not come to his home in Ulricehamn for tea.



The "tea" lengthened into a two-weeks' visit. His family—a sister, mother, aunt, and father—were Swedish "aristocrats." I was an American "bourgeoise." They treated me like a member of their family. The mother took my soiled clothing from my knapsack; the maid washed the clothes and pressed them. They served me hot honey tonics for my cold and entertained me with Swedish folk songs which the whole family sang while the aunt accompanied them on their beautiful grand piano. They "fattened me up" with five Swedish meals a day, and when I left, they fixed me a good and big lunch. They gave me a soft woolen sweater for Swedish climate. Then the whole family took me to the outskirts of Ulricehamn and waited with me until they found a driver whom the father deemed a suitable companion to take me to Stockholm. Now in my more mature years, I realize fully the sweet, generous brotherliness of my experience.

In Norway, too, hospitality was not lacking, even in the most northern parts. Although it was two o'clock in the morning, the sun had not set when I arrived at what had appeared to be a town on the Norwegian map, but which, to my perplexity, consisted of a single thatch-roofed house (with seven small pine trees growing upon the roof) and no hotel.

Reluctantly, I rapped on the door at this late hour. After minutes, a sleepy farmer appeared. "Kan jeg sova har i nat?" (May I sleep here tonight?) I asked.

He rubbed his eyes and did not reply. Finally, he inquired, "Have you bedbugs?" I shook my head. "Come in," he said. Then he and his wife took my knapsack and led me upstairs to a

"manger"—a large cradle filled with fragrant straw. I slept there that night, and the next morning, after sharing fresh bread and warm goat's milk with me, they saw me on my way without accepting any remuneration for their hospitality.

I arrived in Denmark from Sweden with scarcely a dollar in my purse. My American Express checks were waiting for me in Berlin, Germany, where I was headed for the Olympic games.

The Danish Customs officers were reluctant to let me into their country with so little money. Tears and youth prevailed with my promise to be out of Denmark in two days.

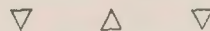
Leaving the officers at Elsinore, I hurried along the "Danish Riviera" to Sneekersten, a few miles distance, where I had former acquaintances, a Danish cabinet-and-toy-maker and his wife. Their small rooms were full of sandalwood, cedar, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl and all things to go into the making of delightful objects.

This tall, red-headed, freckle-faced Dane and his motherly wife gave me supper and a spotless room and bed.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, there was a beautiful comical toy at my plate—a Danish Customs officer of wood, painted in full regalia! My Danish friends had risen early in order to have this friendship token ready for me.

These incidents complete the thirty-five selections of distinct and simply-told stories, and many inclusive ones. All portray a design of interwoven episodes as an artpiece of living significance, bearing witness to that oneness of life beneath the flesh and bones and the noise of articulated sounds called *speech*.

(The End)



A GANDHIAN PEACE PLAN

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
January
1950*

Were Mahatma Gandhi alive today, how would he go about establishing peace in the world? A committee appointed by the Indian national commission for co-operation with UNESCO began meetings last month in New Delhi toward developing a plan for world peace in accordance with Gandhi's doctrines and techniques.—*India Today*, October, 1949.



SANCTUM MUSINGS

DIMENSIONS OF LIFE

By RODMAN R. CLAYSON, Grand Master



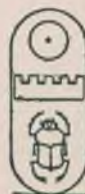
THE INDIVIDUAL walks along the broad highway of life, he observes the symmetry of the universe about him, and perceives the fullness of nature in its cycles of expression. He sees the dormant, the budding, the flowering, and the waning phases in the expression of the fulfillment of flowers and trees. He notes the rhythm and regularity of the seasons; he has an appreciation of the symmetry of the trees of the forest, of the stars in the arching vault of the heavens overhead. Throughout all nature is orderlines. One beholds the proportions and dimensions of all created things. That which is perceived is gratifying to the senses, for that which is perceived is being fully expressed and is outwardly seen in all of its symmetry.

There is also symmetry in the forces of nature which cause all things to exist and have being. Man, as an individual, has a well-balanced, well-proportioned body—a body in which the organs are meant to function properly and with full expression. The forces of nature or the Cosmic cause the functions within the body to be manifested with great rhythm and balance. If they do not manifest in this manner, it is

because man's habits and mental attitudes have interfered with that which is meant to be fully expressed.

If man were to express his life perfectly, as we believe he was meant to do, every side and every phase of his life would be in accord with that which is expressed in perfection. His fullest expression would be in life's symmetry; all dimensions would be complete. Broadly we speak of man in his present state of development, but this is not a true picture of mankind as a whole, for consideration must be given to individual development; and throughout the world, throughout the various races and classes of people there is a gradation of development which has to do with thoughts, actions, and physical and mental fitness. The progressive development of the individual comes about as the result of training, experience, and the acquisition of knowledge and understanding. Life cannot be fully expressed in the individual when he has warped perspectives, when that which could be nobleness is submerged in dissatisfaction, suspicion, and envy.

Life should be expressed in all of its dimensions—rich, full, strong, complete on every side. Symbolically it can be expressed by the triangle, the square, or the cube. Undoubtedly all men and women who reach adulthood are de-



sirous of making their life a full and genuine success. Their way is beset with dangers and temptations. As obstacles are overcome, the structure of their life is strengthened; they grow in character; they move toward completeness and symmetry.

Purposeful Ideals

We find reference to this in the sixteenth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, wherein it is stated: "The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal." The length of life by no means, as herein used, is its duration, but rather a forward push of life toward its personal needs and ambitions in self-evolvement and the development of every thought and activity. The breadth of life has to do with the widening of our scope of activities and considerations—a lateral outreaching, as it were, which brings about the understanding of and sympathy for other men.

As to the height of life, it must of necessity be reaching upward toward a consciousness of the Divine Life with which it is imbued—a reaching upward into the infinite order of things. It climaxes the expansion of breadth and the extension of length, bringing into geometrical proportion the dimensions of life; and no life could be complete without the development of them. To bring about this completeness man must have an understanding of himself; he must know the nature of his being, and have a consciousness of self. His inspirations will color his aspirations. In proportion to the measure and understanding of himself will his thoughts and actions be projected outward; and, in so do-

ing, he will be fulfilling the purpose of life.

In its length, the roadway of one's life unrolls before him as he lives it, as he aspires, attains, and achieves. As he extends the powers and nature of his being in accordance with his understanding and the efforts put forth, the roadway can be a smooth highway or it can be a winding, tortuous grade in the mountains; it can be lined with the vistas and the evergreen expressions of his own nature. If he properly directs his course, he finds that his pathway is illumined by the light of a greater dawn. He passes through the confusion and turmoil of human life; he surmounts its tempting and perplexing complications. In the onward push he becomes master of himself. Actually he has an objective, an ideal toward which he is striving. All that he does is in conformity with his understanding of that which is right. Without purpose, objective, and the desire to do, metaphorically speaking, the dimension of length can be very weak.

In one's endeavor to fully express himself, consideration must be

given to self-study and self-culture. This does not necessarily involve selfishness, for he who knows the possibilities, the abilities, and the powers of the self, and the cultural refining of one's thoughts and actions, knows that this must all be reflected to others. He knows that others may also have similar expression, and thus is created the condition for lateral outreaching; and this is the breadth of life. One can only place a value upon his personal life in that it has relationship to others. There-



By Lester L. Libby, M. S., F. E. C.
Director, AMORC Technical Dept.

- Bats navigate by means of their "sodar" system, a natural detector similar to sonar or to radar, wherein they emit high-pitched squeaks in the 13,000 to 14,000 cycle sound band. Their flight is governed by the echoes of these squeaks from surrounding obstructions. This warning cry can be heard at distances of 12 feet or more.
- A new chemical process has been developed for the polishing of metals. By merely dipping into the special solution, metal products of many types are given a bright finish, regardless of intricacy of form and without requiring any mechanical polishing.
- The U. S. Weather Bureau now ascertains snow depths in Western mountains, using Geiger counters to measure radioactivity intensities from bits of radioactive cobalt placed on the ground prior to the snowfall. By comparing the clicking of the Geiger counter with that observed with no snow deposit, the snow depth can be determined, and predictions made as to water supplies.

fore the breadth or width of one's personal life must include his contact and association with his fellow man, having full regard for similar needs, desires, and aspirations.

Without breadth, without sympathy and understanding for others, there can be no clear forward-directional progress in one's life. In living our lives to the fullest, we learn what life really is, what it means to us, and what it can be for others; for what has been the key to the mystery of our personal life may be the key to the lives of others. In one's own work will be found the efficacy of the power of the works of other men. It is impossible to live alone and for oneself alone in this world. Everything that we do affects someone else. What we say or do has a positive or negative effect upon those with whom we are associated.

Life need not be a narrow thread. Much of the beauty of life can be experienced only by living it, by broadening our precepts and concepts, by expanding our mental horizon. Life is, indeed, a narrow dimension for the one who asserts self-righteousness in his selfishness with no consideration for others. By showing consideration for others, by working with them, and by being in sympathy with their efforts, the breadth of one's life is greatly enlarged.

For the followers of every religious faith, for the philosopher and the mystic, there is a supreme belief in a greater power, in a Divine Cause, in an Infinite Cosmic toward which every man and woman aspires. Regardless of how this is interpreted, it is the reaching of mankind toward God. Of the three dimensions, this is height. Man cannot manifest his fullest expression without this upward reach.

Pyramidal Growth

We speak metaphorically when we refer to the upward reach toward God, for we find God expressed and experienced in every direction all around us. Symbolically, however, the reaching toward God can best be expressed in the illustration of the pyramid whose sides have equal dimensions—sides which taper to the apex that radiates the Royal Light of the Infinite. In the pyramid

is found equal length, breadth, and height.

So height is another true dimension of man's life. As it develops, his whole nature may be said to move upward. Without aspiration and ideals, without the endeavor to achieve the objective, the structure is incomplete; life is not being fully expressed. Action follows thought, and right desires pervade his being. Man's greatest power is in raising his self-culture and in relating this to his fellow man. When one's actions and ambitions are not simply carried on for individual achievement, they must express the impersonal love of one's neighbor. It is our individual responsibility to carry on humanitarian efforts, to be aware of the needs of those who are around us. In doing for others, we are doing for ourselves. In bringing happiness to others, we bring peace of mind and contentment to ourselves. We have this responsibility because we are all segments of the Divine Creation. There is relatedness which cannot be ignored. By manifesting impersonal love and by nobly carrying out the self-appointed tasks we have established for ourselves, we have a new awareness and are lifted into a realization of the peace and serenity of the Infinite. This is the ideal to which ultimately all will aspire. Room must be made in every life for the dimension of height.

Life itself is a Divine gift, but to be worthy of the gift the individual must live life to its fullest, to its greatest expression; in fact, since life is of a Divine Source, the time will come when the individual must of necessity express his godliness. With right living and right understanding, the human nature of man can be divinely glorified within the three dimensions in which he strives toward personal attainment, strives to strengthen the bond which unites him with his fellow man, and strives to open his heart and mind to the effulgence of the God of the universe. Here, then, we have the symmetry of life, proportion, the fulfillment of the dimensions of which we have been speaking. In the objective life, it is completeness; it is achieved by living with purpose and intent; it is attained through consideration, tolerance, patience, and through one's relatedness to all.



Symmetrical Completeness

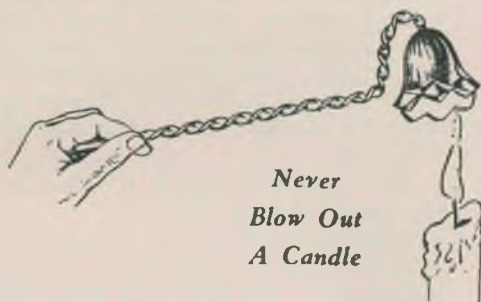
Perhaps the dimensions of life may be even better expressed through the equilateral sides of a triangle—a triangle with its point downward. One side of the triangle could very well represent length—the endeavor to achieve the ideal. The second side of the triangle could represent width or breadth, with the necessary consideration of the overlapping of the lives of humanity and of individual responsibility. On the horizontal plane we find the third side of the triangle. Being above the sides having to do with length and breadth, it represents height. Actually the support of the first two makes the height possible. Thus we have the upward reaching toward what the mystic speaks of as the reali-

zation of the Infinite, with the resulting infusing of his being with Divine effulgence. The equality of the two sides of the triangle, having to do with the development of length and breadth, brings the fullness of expression to life; and with the blending of Infinite Light in height comes the symmetry of all dimensions; "for this cause came I into the world." Then we have the completeness, the fullness, the perfection of the Divine being of man which manifests through the living of life.

In exercising moderation in all that he does, man brings balance to the dimensions of life. It is said that in His creative expression God geometrizes. We are an expression of God; therefore, it behooves us to geometrize our lives in proportion and dimension.

FIRST DEGREE INITIATION

The First Temple Degree Initiation will be given on January 29, 1950, at 4 p. m. by the Benjamin Franklin Lodge of 1303 West Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.



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ROSICRUCIAN SUPPLY BUREAU

San Jose, California

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
January
1950*



CALL TO PRAYER

The deep vibrant tones of these Tibetan horns reverberate throughout the surrounding peaks and crags. Though not loud, the sound of these horns, calling the lamas to prayer, may be heard for a considerable distance. To the left, in front of this lamasery temple, may be seen a series of the bronze *mani* (prayer wheels) which are ceremoniously revolved upon occasion. This temple is not far from Darjeeling, India.

(Photo by AMORC Camera Expedition)



Supernatural!

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The Rosicrucian Order, existing in all civilized lands, is a nonsectarian fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study, and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable all to live in harmony with the creative, constructive Cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness, and peace. The Order is internationally known as "AMORC" (an abbreviation), and the AMORC in America and all other lands constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body for a representation in the international federation. The AMORC does not sell its teachings. It gives them freely to affiliated members together with many other benefits. For complete information about the benefits and advantages of Rosicrucian association write a letter to the address below, and ask for the free book *The Mastery of Life*. Address Scribe S. P. C., in care of

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(Cable Address: "AMORCO")

Supreme Executive for the Jurisdiction of North, Central, and South America, Australasia, and Africa
Ralph M. Lewis, F. R. C.—Imperator

DIRECTORY

PRINCIPAL AMERICAN BRANCHES OF THE A. M. O. R. C.

The following are the principal chartered Rosicrucian Lodges and Chapters in the United States, its territories and possessions. The names and addresses of other American Branches will be given upon written request.

CALIFORNIA

Long Beach:*
Abdiel Lodge, 2455 Atlantic Ave. Loren G. Ruback, Master; Lorena Christopher, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 8 p. m.

Los Angeles:*
Hermes Lodge, 148 N. Gramercy Place. Tel. Gladstone 1230. Robert B. T. Brown, Master; Myrle Newman, Sec. Library open 2-5 p. m.; 7-10 p. m. Review classes Mon. through Fri. Sessions every Sun., 3 p. m.

Oakland:*
Oakland Lodge, Office and Library—610 16th St., Tel. Higate 4-5996. G. W. Mapes, Master; Virginia O'Connell, Sec. Library open Mon., Wed., Fri. afternoons; Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. evenings. Sessions 1st and 3rd Wed., 8 p. m. at Sciots Hall, 5117 E. 14th St.

Pasadena:
Akhmaton Chapter, Altadena Masonic Temple. Aubrey G. Wooderman, Master, 1523 Encino Ave., Monrovia, Tel. DO. 7-2311; Eloise Anderson, Sec. Sessions 2nd and 4th Tues., 8 p. m.

Sacramento:
Clement B. LeBrun Chapter, 2130 "L" St. Jose de la Rosa, Master; F. G. Christian, Sec. Sessions 2nd and 4th Wed., 8 p. m.

San Diego:
San Diego Chapter, House of Hospitality, Balboa Park. Charles M. Lindsey, Master, 1246 Jewell; Florence Christensen, Sec. Sessions 1st, 2nd, and 4th Thurs., 8 p. m.

San Francisco:*
Francis Bacon Lodge, 1957 Chestnut St., Tel. WE-1-4778. J. O. Kinzie, Master; Lois F. Hathcock, Sec. Sessions for all members every Mon., 8 p. m.; for review classes phone secretary.

COLORADO

Denver:
Denver Chapter, 1009 17th St. Hays L. Livingston, Master; Ann Covals, Sec., 2928 York St. Sessions every Fri., 8 p. m.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington:
Thomas Jefferson Chapter, 1322 Vermont Ave. Mrs. Minnie P. Stough, Master, 1437 Rhode Island Ave., N. W.; Georgene R. Todd, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 8 p. m.

FLORIDA

Miami:
Miami Chapter, Biscayne Temple, 120 N. W. 15th Ave. Mrs. E. H. Smith, Master; Florence McCullough, Sec., 2015 S. W. 23rd Ave. Sessions every Sun., 8 p. m.

ILLINOIS

Chicago:*
Nefertiti Lodge, 2539 N. Kedzie Ave., Tel. Everglade 4-8627. Myrtle Lovell, Master; Mrs. L. E. Mantor, Sec. Library open daily, 1-5 p. m. and 7:30-10 p. m.; Sun., 2-5:30 p. m. only. Sessions every Tues. and Thurs., 8 p. m.

INDIANA

South Bend:
South Bend Chapter, 203 S. Williams St. Mrs. Louisa W. Weaver, Master; Amelia Nyers, Sec., 1031 W. Dubail Ave. Sessions every Sun., 7:45 p. m.

Indianapolis:
Indianapolis Chapter, 311 Ober Bldg., 38 N. Pennsylvania St. Bert Kingan, Master; Ida E. Dora, Sec., 236 Cecil Ave. Sessions every Tues., 8:15 p. m.

MARYLAND

Baltimore:*
John O'Donnell Lodge, 100 W. Saratoga St. E. Warren Spencer, Master; Beatrice B. Spencer, Sec., 102 Alleghany Ave. Sessions 1st and 3rd Wed., 8:15 p. m. Library, 220 N. Liberty St., open Tues., Thurs., Fri. p. m.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston:*
Johannes Kelpius Lodge, 284 Marlboro St. Felix Gregory, Master; Carl G. Sandin, Sec. Sessions every Sun. and Wed., 7:30 p. m.

MICHIGAN

Detroit:*
Thebes Lodge, 616 W. Hancock Ave. Mathew G. Tyler, Master, 7561 Abington; Clarissa Dicks, Sec. Sessions every Tues., 8:15 p. m.

Lansing:
Leonardo da Vinci Chapter, 603 S. Washington. Clair C. Willsey, Master; Bertha Harmon, Sec. Sessions 2nd and 4th Mon., 8 p. m.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis:
Essene Chapter, Spanish Room, Radisson Hotel, 45 S. 7th St. Mrs. Robert W. Steenberg, Master; Delia Coose, Sec., 2016 Emerson Ave., S. Sessions 2nd and 4th Sun., 3 p. m.

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Thutmose Lodge, George Washington Hotel, 600 N. Kingshighway Blvd. M. Kassell, Master; Earl Tidrow, Jr., Sec., 7918 Kingsbury Blvd., Clayton, Mo. Sessions every Tues., 8 p. m.

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H. Spencer Lewis Chapter, 443-5 Broad St. John D. McCarthy, Master; Johanna Buhbe, Sec., 30 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, N. J. Sessions every Tues., 8:30 p. m.

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Buffalo:
Rama Chapter, 225 Delaware Ave., Room 9, Dr. C. G. Steinhauser, Master; Carolyn A. Wood, Sec., 23 Terrace. Sessions every Wed., 7:30 p. m.

New York City:*
New York City Lodge, 250 W. 57th St. William Stillwagon, Jr., Master; Edith M. da Rocha, Sec. Sessions Wed., 8:15 p. m. and Sun. 3:00 p. m. Library open week days and Sun., 1-8 p. m.

Booker T. Washington Chapter, 69 W. 125th St., Room 63. David Waldron, Master; Clarence M. Callender, Sec. Sessions every Sun., 8 p. m.

(Directory Continued on Next Page)

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Rochester Chapter, Hotel Seneca. Dorothy M. Decker, Master; William Rabjohns, Sec. Sessions 1st Wed., 3rd Sun., 8 p. m.

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Cincinnati:
Cincinnati Chapter, 204 Hazen Bldg., 9th and Main St. Gustav F. P. Thumann, Master; Bertha Abbott, Sec. Sessions every Wed. and Fri., 7:30 p. m.

Dayton:
Elbert Hubbard Chapter, 56 East 4th St. Mary C. High, Master; Mary Turner, Sec., 436 Holt St. Sessions 2nd and 4th Thurs., 8 p. m.

Toledo:
Michael Faraday Chapter, Roi Davis Bldg., 3rd Fl., 905 Jefferson Ave. Dorothy Van Doren, Master; Hazel Schramm, Sec., 1514 Freeman St. Sessions every Thurs., 8:30 p. m.

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Portland Rose Lodge, 2712 S. E. Salmon. Floyd K. Riley, Master; Walter G. Allen, Sec. Sessions every Wed., 8 p. m. and Sun., 7 p. m.

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Benjamin Franklin Lodge, 1303 Girard Ave. Dr. S. Milton Zimmerman, Master; Fred A. Thomas, Sec., 2706 W. Allegheny Ave. Sessions every Sun., 7:30 p. m. Temple and library open Tues., Thurs., 7-10 p. m.

Pittsburgh:
The First Pennsylvania Lodge, 615 W. Diamond St., North Side. David Stein, Master; Lydia F. Wilkes, Sec. Sessions Wed. and Sun., 8 p. m.

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The addresses of other foreign Grand Lodges, or the names and addresses of their representatives, will be given upon request.

AUSTRALIA

Sydney, N. S. W.:
Sydney Chapter, I.O.O.F. Bldg., 100 Clarence St. F. R. Goodman, Master, 2 "Girvan" 129 Kurraba Rd., Neutral Bay; Victor Bell, Sec., 60 Dennison St., Bondi Junction. Sessions 1st, 3rd and 5th Saturday afternoons.

Melbourne, Victoria:
Melbourne Chapter, 25 Russell St. Kathleen Dodds, Master; Fred Whiteway, Sec., 37 Black St., Middle Brighton S. 5.

BRAZIL

Sao Paulo:
Sao Paulo Chapter, Rua Tabatinguera 165. Sylvio E. Polati, Master; George Craig Smith, Sec., Caixa Postal 4633. Sessions 2nd and 4th Sat., 8:30 p. m.

CANADA

Montreal, P. Q.:
Mount Royal Chapter, The Lodge Room, Victoria Hall, Westmount. Mrs. A. Englehard, Master; Jean Pierre Trickey, Sec., 444 Sherbrooke St., E. Sessions 1st and 3rd Thurs., 8 p. m.

Toronto, Ontario:
Toronto Chapter, Sons of England Hall, 58 Richmond St., East. Oron C. Dakin, Master; Edith Hearn, Sec., 300 Keele St. Sessions every Mon., 8:15 p. m.

Vancouver, B. C.:
Vancouver Lodge, 873 Hornby St. Dorothy L. Bolsover, Master, Tatlow 2003; Lettie C. Fleet, Sec., 1142 Harwood St., MA-3208. Sessions every Mon. through Fri. Lodge open 7:30 p. m.

Victoria, B. C.:
Victoria Lodge, 725 Courtney St. Miss E. M. Burrows, Master; Dorothy G. Johnston, Sec., 821 Burdett Ave.

Windsor, Ont.:
Windsor Chapter, 808 Marion Ave. Mrs. Stella Kucy, Master; George H. Brook, Sec., 2089 Argyle Ct. Sessions every Wed., 8:15 p. m.

Winnipeg, Man.:
Charles Dana Dean Chapter, I.O.O.F. Temple, 293 Kennedy St. A. G. Wirdnam, Master; S. Ethelyn Wallace, Sec., 851 Westminster Ave. Sessions 1st and 3rd Thurs., 7:45 p. m.

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The AMORC Grand Lodge of Denmark and Norway. Arthur Sundstrup, Gr. Master, Vester Voldgade 104; Kaj Falck-Rasmussen, Gr. Sec., A. F. Beyersvej 15 A, Copenhagen F., Denmark.

EGYPT

Cairo:
Amenhotep Grand Lodge. Salim C. Saad, Grand Master, 1 Kasr-El-Nil St.

*(Initiations are performed.)

TEXAS

El Paso:
El Amarna Chapter, 519 N. Santa Fe. Ernest G. Bourjaily, Master, 523 N. Campbell St.; Mrs. Rosa M. Licon, Sec. Sessions 1st and 3rd Sun., 2 p. m.

Fort Worth:
Fort Worth Chapter, 512 4th St. Marjorie P. Doty, Master; Robert L. Proctor, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 8 p. m.

Houston:
Houston Chapter, 1320 Rusk Ave. Robert E. Martin, Master; Alyce M. La Rue, Sec., 3105 Chenevert. Sessions every Fri., 7:30 p. m.

UTAH

Salt Lake City:
Salt Lake City Chapter, 211 Hopper Bldg., 23 E. 1st South. Clarence R. Parry, Master; Clara J. Parker, Sec., 243 S. 7th East. Sessions every Thurs., 8:15 p. m.

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Michael Maler Lodge, Wintonia Hotel, 1431 Minor. Maurice V. Boldrin, Master, Tel. De. 5324; Ethel Jefferson, Sec., Tel. Ra. 5059. Sessions every Fri., 8 p. m. Library open Tues., Thurs., 1-4 p. m.; Mon., Wed., 7-9 p. m.; Sat., 1-3 p. m.

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Milwaukee:
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ENGLAND

The AMORC Grand Lodge of Great Britain. Raymond Andrea, F.R.C., Gr. Master, 34 Bayswater Ave., Westbury Park, Bristol 6.

London:
London Chapter, Richard Lake, Master, 38 Cranbrook Rise, Ilford, Essex; Lawrence Ewels, Sec., 26 Datchet Rd., Catford, London, S. E. 6.

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Mlle. Jeanne Guesdon, Sec., 56 Rue Gambetta, Villeneuve Sainte Georges (Seine & Oise).

HOLLAND

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De Roze kruisers Orde, Groot-Loge der Nederlanden. J. Coops, Gr. Master, Hunzestraat 141.

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Rome:
Italian Grand Lodge of AMORC. Orlando Timpanaro Perrotta, Sec., Via G. Baglivi, 5-D. 1. Quartiere Italia.

MEXICO

Mexico, D. F.:
Quetzalcoatl Lodge, Calle de Colombia 24. Sr. Ruperto Betancourt, Master; Sr. Benito de Koster, Sec., Eureka No. 15, Col. Industrial.

INDONESIA

Semarang, Java:
Mrs. M. C. Zeydel, Gr. Master-General, Djangli 47.

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland:
Auckland Chapter, Victoria Arcade, Room 317. Mrs. E. M. Wood, Master, 2nd Fl., Giffords Bldg., Vulcan Lane, C 1; John O. Andersen, Sec. Sessions every Mon., 8 p. m.

PUERTO RICO

San Juan:
San Juan Chapter, 1655 Progreso St., Stop 23. Santurce. J. L. Casanova, Master; Jesus Rodriguez, Sec. Sessions every Sat., 8 p. m.

SWEDEN

Malmö:
Grand Lodge "Rosenkorsel." Albin Roimer, Gr. Master, Box 30, Skalderviken, Sweden.

SWITZERLAND

Lausanne:
AMORC Grand Lodge, 21 Ave. Dapples. Dr. Ed. Bertholet, F.R.C., Gr. Master, 11 Ave. General Guisan.

VENEZUELA

Caracas:
Alden Chapter, Velázquez a Miseria, 19. Sra. F. Briceno de Perez, Master; Sra. Carmen S. Salazar, Sec., Calle Cuarta 2, Bellavista. Sessions 1st and 3rd Fri., 6 p. m.

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Armando Font De La Jara, F.R.C., Deputy Grand Master
Direct inquiries regarding this division to the Latin-American Division, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, U. S. A.

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1
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